

*F. G. Beach*

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED

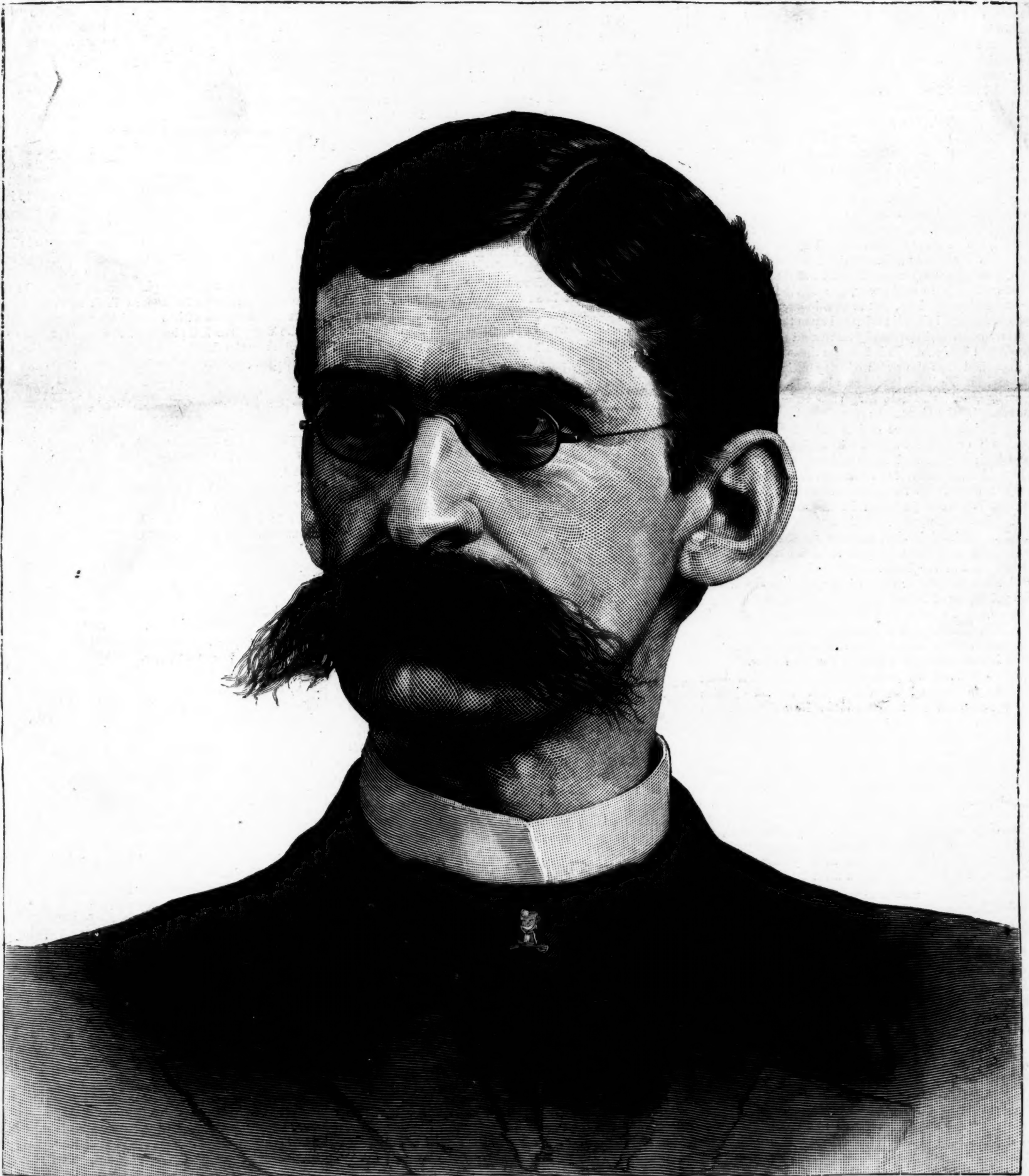


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No. 1,593.—VOL. LXII.]

NEW YORK—FOR THE WEEK ENDING APRIL 3, 1886.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.  
12 WEEKS, \$1.00.]



"SAM" SMALL, THE EVANGELIST.  
PHOTO. BY LANDY.—SEE PAGE 102.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
**ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,**  
 53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.  
 Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.  
 NEW YORK, APRIL 3, 1886.

### THE GREAT STRIKE.

IT is evident that the strike of the labor organizations in the West has reached a stage when the forces of law and order must be arrayed against it in defense of the common rights of the people. However reasonable may be some of their demands, others are clearly incapable of justification, and, as to all the methods they pursue, are wholly unlawful. The pursuit of just demands by lawful methods is the indispensable condition of their success, and their only title to popular sympathy. The public utterances of some of their representatives show conclusively that they are drifting towards a policy which is full of danger to the public interests. They declare that if their Order is not "recognized," the strike will be "extended from ocean to ocean, and the traffic of the whole country will be suspended." That is, if the one company against which they allege a grievance refuses to "recognize" their demands, they will attack the inter-State commerce of the whole Union and bring disaster upon thousands, if not millions, of their countrymen who have done them no wrong, and who, indeed, at the outset sympathized with their struggle. The result of such a policy as this, if persisted in, must be the collapse of the strike and the failure of this effort to ameliorate the condition of labor. This country is not a mob. Its forces, civil and political, are in the hands of citizens whose interest it is to preserve order and sustain law.

This particular strike was ordered in the freighting business of the Missouri Pacific, to compel a remedy for an alleged grievance in connection with the Texas Pacific, which is in the hands of the court. This is seen to be an unjust demand, because it is impossible to be granted. Other grievances are now alleged, but, even if they exist as stated, they were not declared until the strike had been in progress for nearly a fortnight. Their statement now seems, therefore, very much like an afterthought.

The matter is, in every way, one of vital importance, not to employers alone, but to workmen themselves, whose success and elevation depend upon the maintenance of public order and the steady movement of the currents of trade and business. It is because these great interests are imperiled that the notes of preparation to resist the strike and punish its unlawful acts have been everywhere sounded. The immediate steps are those which have been taken by the Governors of Missouri and Arkansas—the repression of violence and disorder by force, and an appeal to the people for support in such action. To this appeal both capital and labor will respond. This could not be said confidently, if the demands of the organization were just, even if its methods were wrong; nor even if its demands were unjust and its methods peaceful and lawful. But where both conditions concur, and violence is used, to extort injustice, we may depend upon American citizens anywhere to put it down through the orderly forces of the State.

But there is another note of preparation—an appeal to the principles of law as enforced by the courts. There can be no doubt whatever of the soundness of the view of Judge Dillon, that a combination to enforce demands like those made in the West by the violent means there employed, is a conspiracy for which all concerned are severally liable, both civilly and criminally. This has been constantly maintained by the courts. Chief-justice Beasley sustained an indictment in New Jersey for a combination by several employes merely to notify their employer that unless he discharged an obnoxious workman they would quit his employment. He said it was seeking a mischievous result by oppressive means. This was going far, and we do not cite it as the general law, but only to point out how plain it must be that a combination to enforce such a demand as is made on the Receiver of one road in the hands of a court, by "killing" the engines and capturing the property of another, must subject all concerned to punishment and restitution, if the legal remedies shall be invoked.

### OPEN THE DOORS.

SENATOR LOGAN'S resolution to abolish the executive sessions of the Senate, which are held to consider treaties and Presidential nominations, meets with a public concurrence which is almost unanimous. It is obviously the only way the Republican majority can adequately defend the position they have taken, that the President has no right to have any secrets from the people, and that all documents which have been used to guide his judgment in making appointments and dismissals are in their very nature "public documents." This position as to the rights of the Senate is undeniable; but it has elements of weakness as long as the President can retort, "Yes, I make up my mind in regard to appointments from evidence which I do not submit to the people; but how does this differ from the secret Senatorial sessions to deal with these very appointments, from which you exclude members of the House and reporters, and as to which you decline to take the public into your confidence?" General Logan keeps his fingers on the

public pulse, as a shrewd politician should; and he early saw, as Senator Platt and others have done, that this position of the Senate, if not indefensible, was at least embarrassing. It is to be hoped that his resolution will be promptly adopted.

There is no decent reason for any secrecy in dealing with public office or public officers or candidates. There may be some excuse for debating treaties with other nations in secret session—reasons depending mainly on the obligations of delicacy and politeness. But when public offices are filled or vacated, the people have a right to know how and why.

### SLOW PROGRESS OF TARIFF REFORM.

THE existing tariff, as all informed persons know, is full of inequalities and inconsistencies, is loaded down with unjust discriminations against the poorer classes, and presents amazing violations of all the known principles of political economy. It is absolutely prohibitory upon many articles, that is, operates as an embargo upon commerce. It imposes taxes upon certain other articles, the cost of collecting which is greater than the taxes amount to. It exacts higher duties upon numerous necessities of life than upon pernicious luxuries, and even taxes some completely manufactured goods less than the raw materials of which they are composed.

Why is it that no greater progress has been made towards revenue reform? President Arthur, Secretary McCulloch, and the Tariff Commission, recognized the demand of the people for a reform of tariff abuses and a reduction of tariff rates. President Cleveland and Secretary Manning are fully alive to the need of removing or reducing the taxes upon necessities and raw products. But Congress has done absolutely nothing to carry out or perfect any tariff reform, and has exhibited an utter lack of comprehension of what there is to be reformed.

First of all, Mr. Morrison's horizontal crudities discredited before the public the whole reform movement, and brought it into temporary ridicule. Intelligent friends of a right reformation in our revenue system lost heart when they found that the man who should occupy the place of leader lacked the knowledge that a leader should possess. The fact may as well be admitted that the Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the House has himself been the greatest obstacle in the way of true tariff reform. Had Mr. Hewitt, or some one comprehending the abuses in the present tariff and its points of greatest weakness, prepared a Bill in the light of the principles we have from time to time suggested, such an intelligently discriminating and popular Bill would doubtless long since have become a law, with the hearty sanction of both Houses of Congress.

Free Trade Clubs and Free Traders generally have stood in the way of practical tariff reform by their present advocacy of the abolition of all duties and all custom-houses. In the face of the fact that three-fifths of all our revenue since the origin of the Government have been derived from customs, and the further fact that the demand for revenue to provide for the public debt, the enormous pension list, and the vast current expenses, can be met in no other practicable way, these wild theorists continue to oppose the most profitable form of taxation. A larger class of impracticables are still clamoring for "a tariff for revenue only," forgetting that no such tariff ever existed, or in the nature of things ever can exist. These men have not yet learned the foundation fact that all duties, indirectly or directly, protect, and that, except when tariff taxation amounts to a prohibition of trade, revenue and protection are as inseparable as the sun's light and heat. A duty of twenty per centum *ad valorem* is protective just to the extent of that duty, and the consequence or effect is identically the same whether it is levied for revenue only or for protection only. Instead of progressing with the best thinkers of the day and realizing that the old distinctions between revenue and protective tariffs are illogical and not maintainable, these men are still running a tilt against protection as if it were some horrid monster that must or can be destroyed.

The obvious truth is that the protection sentiment is increasing in the United States in proportion at least to our increase of manufactures, and hence those who are fighting this principle are fighting a losing battle. Besides, whatever aid or protection to home industries may come from taxation which has for its chief or essential purpose and aim, revenue, should be welcomed as a good thing, not abhorred as an evil. Unless, then, our most active revenue reformers, especially in Congress, reverse themselves, or better inform themselves concerning the actually existing tariff abuses and the only practicable way of removing them, they will accomplish nothing, through sheer incapacity to know how. The cost of educating Mr. Morrison and his colleagues is becoming too enormously large. They are very dull scholars.

### THE MODERN PLAY.

MR. JOHN GILBERT'S complaints of the degeneracy of the modern play have brought forward a champion of the drama of the day in the person of Mr. George William Curtis. In a recent magazine article he maintains that we should congratulate ourselves on modern improvement in scenery and costume, and he holds that the public is more fortunate in being able to see Joseph Jefferson, for example, in the same play often, than it

would be if different plays were developing a new set of actors. But after Jefferson, what? Both Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Curtis are experienced students of the stage, but Mr. Gilbert seems to us to present the stronger case. Scenery and costumes are mere minor accessories of the actor's or dramatist's art, and they should no more be made unduly prominent than a frame should be allowed to distract attention from a painting. This is almost a truism, and yet we repeatedly find the modern play seeking to disguise its own inanity by gorgeous costuming and spectacular effects. This is an age of burlesques, farces and extravaganzas, and it is also an age of specialists—men who are lucky enough to catch the popular fancy by something little better than clever buffoonery, and who confine themselves strictly to "business" of this class. They are not thoroughly trained actors, but rather accidents. Now Mr. Jefferson, who was educated under a severer system, is an accomplished actor. Messrs. Booth and Barrett have gone through a rigid training. So has Mr. Gilbert himself, and he has a right to make a plea for acting as a profession. Aside from the prevalence of farcical and trifling plays, the "star" system has not been conducive to the development of educated actors. The best school of acting is a good stock company; but of late years we have had about twenty "stars" for every such company. Curiously enough, Mr. Curtis seems to overlook the effect of the present methods of pandering to popular taste upon dramatic literature. A popular success like that of "Adonis" sets an army of would-be playwrights to producing something of the same silly kind, without benefit to themselves or any one else. French plays are imported for our better class theatres, whose suggestiveness is so thinly veiled that, as Mr. Tony Pastor has remarked, one of these plays acted in the ordinary abbreviated costumes of burlesque would be the most immoral spectacle ever seen upon the stage. As yet the two are separated. But the introduction of these plays indicates an attempt to appeal to a prurient taste, which our own few dramatists will do well not to imitate. There is no encouragement for them in seeing the public eager to accept the most unworthy productions. The cleverest playwrighting in the world is now done in France, and from time to time plays of real merit are written. But French dramatists can appeal to a cultivated taste, if they choose, and their plays can be intrusted to actors who are thoroughly trained in their art. The flood of mere nonsense which has swept over the American stage of the day gives little hope of the substantial education of actors or the development of dramatists of real merit. Mr. Gilbert makes a plea for a sounder public taste in theatrical matters, and his plea is abundantly justified.

### GLADSTONE'S IRISH POLICY.

WHILE Mr. Gladstone has not yet definitely announced his Irish policy, there are intimations that he appreciates fully the difficulties of the situation, and will modify his plans to meet the exigency. Convinced that he would probably be fatally beaten if he were to insist on pressing both the radical Home Rule measure and the Land Reform Bill for Ireland, he has, if late reports are correct, shrewdly dropped, or at any rate postponed, the latter, and will stake the fate of his Administration on the success of the former. He will, it is said, introduce on April 8th a Bill for Home Rule for Ireland, involving the concession of a Parliament, independent except as subject to the Queen's veto.

The carrying out of the great land-purchase scheme would probably cost \$1,000,000,000, and the fear of contracting an additional debt so enormous would, Michael Davitt thinks, have caused the project to be defeated by at least fifteen majority, while a Bill for Home Rule alone will, he predicts, pass the House of Commons by some sixty majority. Under this division of the question, which implies the indefinite postponement of the more dangerous proposition, Mr. Gladstone will carry with him most of the Whigs, most of the Liberals, and all of the Home Rulers; the latter being content with half a loaf, as they are certain, on the vantage-ground of a separate Parliament, of being able to realize land reform at a subsequent period.

Should it happen, however, that a just scheme for the establishment of local government for Ireland is defeated, Mr. Gladstone would of course appeal to the people to approve his policy and elect a Parliament to enforce it. In such an appeal he would almost certainly be successful; and it looks now as if he would go out of office—some time or other—with the highest laurel of statesmanship on his brow—the name of the Great Pacificator, interpreting into accurate words the popular title he has long worn, "The Grand Old Man."

### COLLEGE ALUMNI ASSOCIATIONS.

AN interesting feature of the day is the increasing number of Alumni Associations. Alumni, too, for women, indebted for much of their intellectual aliment and attainment to Vassar and other colleges for females, have not been slow to express their gratitude and loyalty by organizing societies, and calling them after the institutions from which they graduated. The "alumnus," or "foster-child" of the civil law, becomes, in time, the man who fosters the parent college or seminary. How long ago such associations sprang into existence it is impossible to say and useless to conjecture; for it is only



recent bodies which have proved of practical influence in binding together those who, as fellow-students, have shared the peculiar benefits and experiences of a typical institution of learning.

Usually the object of the Alumni Association is defined in its constitution as being, for instance, "To increase the acquaintance among its graduates, to facilitate the entrance of younger graduates into active life, and to promote the interests of the institution." How far such worthy objects are attained the intelligent observer can, in a measure, judge; evidently it must vary with, and be determined by, the vigor with which the scheme is pushed; and this in turn is determined by the degree of zeal and affection the parent college or seminary actually inspires in its behalf among its children. Gratitude for benefits received is calculated to arouse the student to a lively interest in the welfare of others who succeed him in similar youthful struggles and scholarly delights; while all her offspring, old as well as young, should naturally co-operate in perpetuating and perfecting the equipment of their college so as to more widely diffuse her acknowledged benefactions.

Thus the Alumni of our larger seminaries, colleges and universities sustain three important relations: *First*, and perhaps foremost, to their parent institutions; *secondly*, to their fellow-Alumni; *thirdly*, to the public. It is, of course, in their public acts, expressed in and by means of their associations, that the public are chiefly concerned. We look with respect, often with admiration, at the enthusiastic and substantial work that Yale and Harvard graduates accomplish. To them are we indebted for many admirable discussions, within the past few years, of live and important questions pertaining to the higher education. They have given to the reading public valuable papers on the study of languages, ancient and modern, on natural science, political economy, law, ethics, literature and art.

Were our opinion asked, we must, however, confess that when we consider the fact that thousands of young men annually graduate from our institutions of learning, it is really astonishing how little they actually accomplish—unselfishly effect—for the well-being of society; and that, too, even when we estimate their work when engaged as members of the learned professions. The Hon. Edwards Pierpont, himself a graduate of Yale, made the point, at a recent college banquet in this city, that a study of the list of acknowledged leaders or more prominent public men in this country shows that a large proportion were not college-bred. His argument proved that a very large ratio of great men in public life have not been indebted, personally, to a college education; and his comparisons and statistics resulted to the disadvantage of collegians. Without agreeing with, or dissenting from, this proposition, it must be admitted that there are two separate and distinct kinds of education—that of books and that of life; that each is important, and that they can be wisely blended. In the college, students have, under the most favorable circumstances, aimed to discipline their faculties and acquire knowledge in preparation for future usefulness. In the college, they have displayed some ability, made varied attainments. In the college, they often give promise of becoming ornaments to society, instructors in the pulpit, at the bar, in journalism and public life—real benefactors to the community. But, too often, after graduation, where are they? What do they perform? What do they really become? That charm of voice, and manner, and expression, on which, at Commencement Day, they prided themselves, has largely disappeared. Those attainments in literature, the languages and art are speedily lost or suddenly obscured. Personal character and influence, of which they were once strikingly possessed, have deteriorated, and with them has disappeared much of the good once hoped for, and expected from, the ardent collegian.

The causes of this disappointing career of the alumnus of to-day, with some suggestions for an improvement therein, may be considered hereafter.

#### ADVANCE IN COAL PRICES.

CAPITAL seems able to do easily what labor finds it most difficult to do at all. As a result of the Reading Syndicate, eleven presidents of coal roads and coal companies met at a private residence in this city the other evening, and in a two-hours conference put up coal twenty-five cents a ton to the consumer, and limited the production during the coming year to 33,500,000 tons—a reduction of about one-sixth from last year's output.

This is, of course, a combination against the public. We are not prepared to go as far as some and denounce it as robbery, though its immediate effect is to raise the price of coal, and also, by diminishing the demand, either to pay less wages or to employ fewer men. It is possibly true that coal has latterly been mined at a loss to both the railroads and companies, and that in this situation it would be justifiable to restrain competition sufficiently to prevent coal production being carried on at a loss. But the danger is that if a dozen acquisitive men have the power of saying what the price of coal shall be, they will be constantly tempted to abuse that power. The increase of twenty-five cents now may grow to fifty cents in June, \$1 in September, and \$2 in January. And who knows what it may be in another year?

It is unfortunate, too, that this advance, even if it be just, should happen exactly at the time when working-men are combining for exactly the same ends, even if by

less peaceful methods. It will be difficult for them to see why they may not put up wages arbitrarily, if a dozen millionaires have the privilege, by a twist of the wrist and the flourish of a pen, to put up the prices of one of the necessities of life that goes to a million homes. They may not indulge in the casuistry of discriminating between the exercise of a little more or a little less of that brute muscle which constitutes violence; they may look only at net results. The temporary consolidation of seven railroads in Pennsylvania in the interest of capital, and the temporary paralysis of seven railroads in the Mississippi Valley in the interest of labor, make a bad combination.

#### WOMEN ON SCHOOL BOARDS.

THE election of women to school boards is by no means new. For several years ladies of Boston, eminent for their ability and knowledge of educational methods, have served on the school committee of the New England Athens. But the movement for their election to such positions is extending. In Brooklyn a petition of twenty-four hundred signers, including names as distinguished as that of Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs, ask for the appointment of women to the school board. In many country towns, as well as in the cities, women are doing excellent service in the supervision of the interests of public education. For this work they are in certain respects peculiarly qualified.

They usually have more leisure than men, which they are willing to devote to the duty of examining teachers and schools. They are also out of politics. In too many cities the school committee is a part of a political ring. An election to it is only a stepping-stone. Men elected under these conditions are usually unworthy. The schools suffer, and every teacher feels his tenure of office to be less stable. Women are out of politics, and are able to manage the official trust with an eye single to its educational efficiency. Moreover, women now have an ability and a culture, not possessed a few years since, for this form of administration. Vassar graduates, seven hundred in number, are found in every State, and Vassar students, who have not graduated at the college, are found in every large city and many small towns. Smith, Wellesly and other colleges are sending out yearly hundreds of young women qualified for having charge of the interests of education. As a rule, also, women feel a greater concern in the schools than men. They can discover more, and are more willing to do what they can to aid institutions designed for the benefit of children.

Besides the qualities of character which fit women for this service, it is evident that the fact that a large proportion of the teachers in the United States are women gives peculiar appropriateness to the election of women to school boards. They are able to extend a sympathy more cordial, and to form a community of interests more complete, than would be possible in the case of men.

This movement for the representation of women on school boards is, for the sake of the schools and for the general interests of society, worthy of encouragement. If a community be small, one woman at least should be elected to it; if it be large, several should be persuaded to accept of the trust.

#### ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

QUEEN VICTORIA is gradually emerging from the comparative seclusion in which she has passed so many of her latter years. Her most recent public appearance was on Wednesday of last week, when she attended the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of a medical institution on the Thames Embankment. The day was a fine one, and the Queen was greeted with peals of cheers as she rode through the gayly decorated streets. An insane soldier occasioned some alarm and great excitement by throwing a paper into the royal carriage, it being at first supposed that a deadly missile had been aimed at the Queen; but when it was found that the paper was nothing more than a petition asking for the restoration of a pension, the sensation speedily collapsed.

The Radical "handwriting on the wall" was supplemented last week by Mr. Thorold Rogers's proposition, in the House of Commons, to the effect that local taxation should fall partially upon the owners of landed property, instead of upon the occupants only, as the law now stands. At present it is almost impossible to buy freehold in London, and yet the millions received for ground-rents—mainly, it is said, by nine lordly landlords—have never been specifically taxed. In sustaining Mr. Rogers's motion by a majority of forty, the Commons dealt English landlordism a stunning blow.

The strike begun by the coal-miners at Liege, the Birmingham of Belgium, nearly a month ago, has practically assumed the form of a universal demand of the miners of the country for an increase of wages accompanied by a decrease of the hours of labor; and the movement appears to have fallen under the control of anarchists. Throughout the entire district of Liege, continuous conflicts between the strikers and the civic guards are taking place. Many persons have been wounded, and all kinds of outrages are being perpetrated by rough and reckless gangs. Citizens are waylaid, and shops sacked, while postmen go their rounds under military guard. A mob of strikers sang the "Marseillaise" in front of the Royal Palace in Brussels. Troubles of a similar nature at Decazeville, France, have lately required military interference.

One of M. Pasteur's hydrophobia patients has died from that malady while under the care of the eminent chemist. He was a Russian mujik, or peasant—one of a band of nineteen, all of whom had been bitten by mad wolves, and had been received by M. Pasteur for treatment. He had been in the hospital five days, and had been inoculated half a dozen times. The other patients appear to be doing well under the same treatment. Many unfavorable comments are made, but the scientist is not disturbed by them. This is only the second case in which his method has apparently failed, while those successfully treated by him are now numbered

by hundreds. The donations for the proposed Pasteur Institute now amount to 407,500 francs.

A NEW Tichborne claimant has been found in Washington. He has twice been married as Charles Ogden Ferris, and, under that name, lost four fingers while fighting at Fredericksburg, and has received a pension. He is about the right age, height and general deportment, and boldly says "I am Sir Roger." Now is the time for some middle-aged man to come forward and claim to be Charley Ross.

The removal of the Governor of Utah seems to have been inopportune. It has certainly gratified the Mormons, against whom the Governor has so vigorously employed all the authority of his office, and the effect will be altogether bad, at least for the time being. The fact that Governor Murray's six-years administration has been satisfactory to everybody but the polygamists is shown very conclusively by the hearty indorsement given him by a great mass meeting of "loyal citizens of Utah, irrespective of party," held at Salt Lake City last week.

A RECENT novel result of the rate war of the railroads has been the shipment of fruit and vegetables from the Mississippi Valley to California. California can raise pears which sell at twenty-five cents apiece in the Eastern cities; but her apples are a failure, and hitherto she has depended chiefly upon Oregon for an annual supply of that fruit. At present, produce can be shipped from Chicago to San Francisco at rates a trifle less than those from Portland, Oregon, and loads of pippins, greenings and king-apples are rolling westward across the Rockies.

UNHAPPILY, it seems to be settled past doubt that the brave Captain Crawford's death was the result of treachery, rather than accident. In other words, he was deliberately assassinated by the Mexican troops. This being rendered clear, the President should make an immediate demand on Mexico for indemnity and such wretched satisfaction as is possible. We are in a position to enforce such a demand. Mexico has no ships-of-war, so we can make a demand on her without fearing that she will lay a gunboat off Coney Island and capture New York. By all means let the outrage be resented.

PRINCE ALEXANDER interpreted his recent installation in the office of Governor of Eastern Roumelia as a life appointment, and not to be curtailed with a five-years limit. All the Powers, with the exception of Russia, have concluded to accede to this claim of the hero of United Bulgaria. The objection is made, in St. Petersburg, that his "contempt for the Powers" in this matter will encourage the Greeks in their resistance to the same authority. This Greek resistance is at present assuming a more formidable aspect than ever. More reserves have been called out, and, according to late dispatches, an invasion of Thessaly is imminent.

SECRETARY MANNING is the latest victim of overwork. One day last week he was stricken down by a stroke of apoplexy, and while he soon rallied from the attack, it is said that he will be disabled for some time, if indeed his retirement shall not be necessary. Mr. Manning has conducted his department with signal ability and success, and there will be general regret should he be compelled to withdraw. There can be no doubt that his misfortune is due to excessive labor. It is said that he frequently reached his desk as early as eight o'clock in the morning, and remained there, hard at work, until six in the evening, sometimes partaking of a light luncheon, but always without pausing in his labors. It was inevitable that such a strain should result, sooner or later, in a physical breakdown. Nature is sure to resist a habitual violation of her laws, but men are slow to realize the fact, however often it may be emphasized.

THERE have been various circumstances in connection with the administration of law in New York city in the recent past which did not tend to make those interested in social morality sanguine as to the future. Such will not have their gloomy forebodings lessened by the knowledge that Charles A. Buddensiek, convicted and sentenced last year for manslaughter, is now engaged in superintending the erection of buildings on the West Side of the city. It would be, in view of his sentence and crime, a sufficiently flagrant abuse of judicial clemency to permit Buddensiek to be at large at all, but when, added to this, he is permitted to resume the work of building of what may be supposed to be death-dealing mantraps, every sentiment of justice is outraged. Pending an appeal in his case, Buddensiek was liberated on bail, but it is presumable that judicial pity did not contemplate permitting a convict to resume the trade the abuse of which led to his conviction.

THE name of the Rev. Norman Fox is not known to fame, but we are glad to rescue him from oblivion as the author of a remarkable article, "The Ethics of the Copyright Question," published in the *Baptist Weekly*. In this he asserts that it is no more immoral to copy an author's printed book than to copy the cut of his whiskers, and he repeats the moldy fiction that, as there is no property in ideas, copyrights should not be granted. It is a curious thing that a clergyman should put forward such dishonest and immoral propositions. An author's property in his ideas has been recognized by the highest authorities in the history of English jurisprudence. Not only has the author legal rights, recognized in common law 150 years before a statute of copyright was in existence, but he has moral rights, which a clergyman should be the first to acknowledge. Any worker has a right to a return for the labor of his hands or brain—a proposition which would appear sufficiently evident. Possibly Mr. Fox's mental and moral vision is clouded by the fact that nobody has ever been tempted to "pirate" any of his sermons or articles.

"Our courts to-day are shams and mockeries," Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake is quoted as saying in a recent address, "and will continue to be such as long as women are excluded from them. There ought to be women jurors, women lawyers and women judges." There is a deal of truth in Mrs. Blake's sharp arraignment of the courts. There are women lawyers already, a fact she must have forgotten; in time, no doubt, there will be women judges—and possibly women jurors, if the jury system remains intact when these other reforms have borne us so much nearer the millennium. But would not Mrs. Blake, would not any woman, if she were on trial—and it is a sad fact that a great many women are tried, and a great many found guilty—prefer to trust her fate to a jury of men, rather than to a jury wholly, or even in part, composed of her own sex? And what man, no matter how steeped in crime, would not rather be sent to State Prison, or even be hanged, without trial, than have to face a jury of women while his offense was recited and proven? This, however, is a matter of sentiment rather than of law or justice. In view of the fact that the courts are as they are, rather than as Mrs. Blake would have them, would it not be a noble use of a most effective modern method for all women in future to boycott the criminal dock until women shall be eligible for jury duty and judgeships?



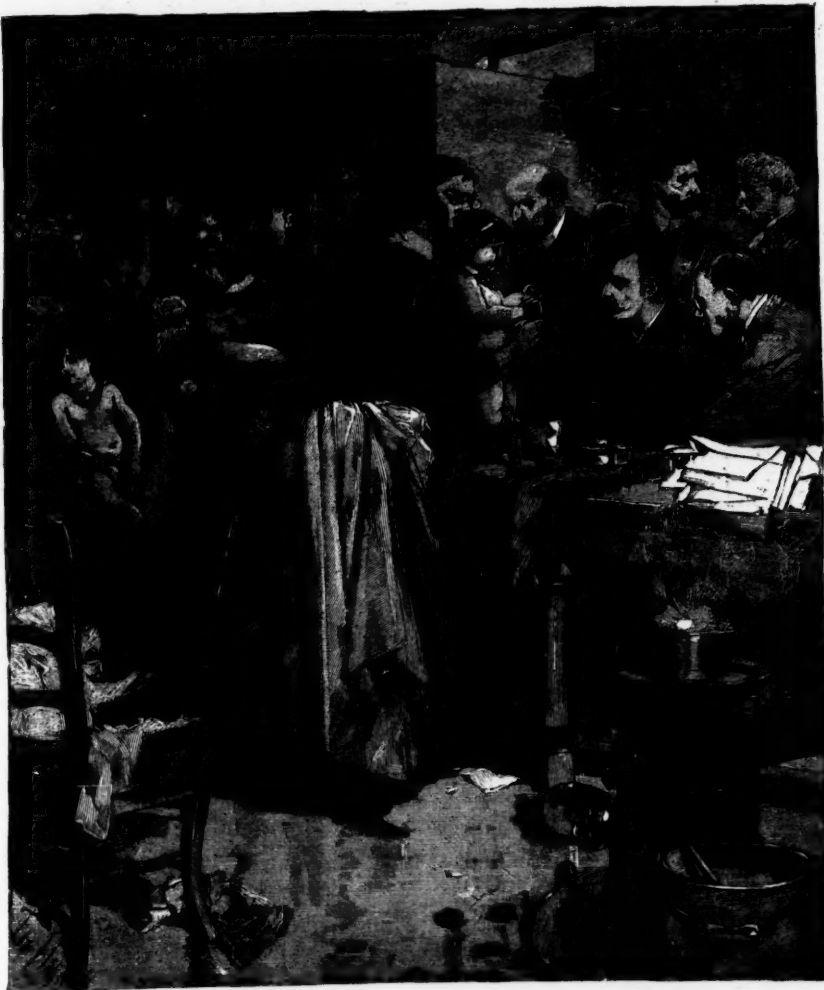
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 103.



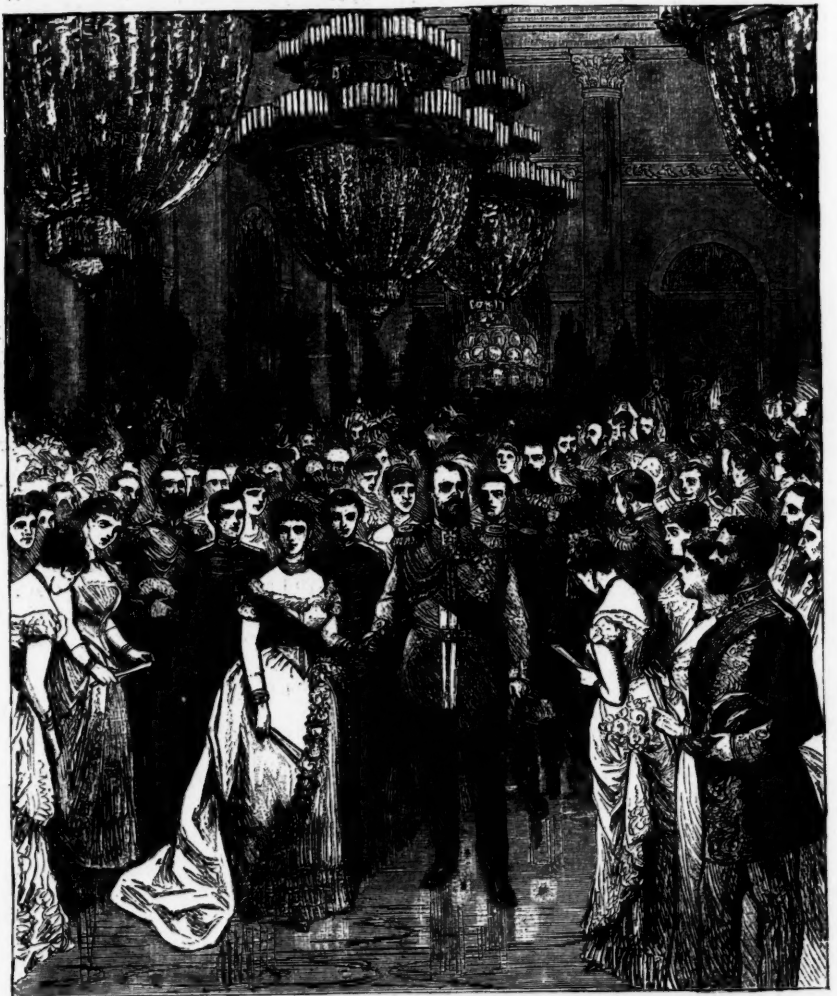
NEW GUINEA.—NATIVE TREE-HOUSES.



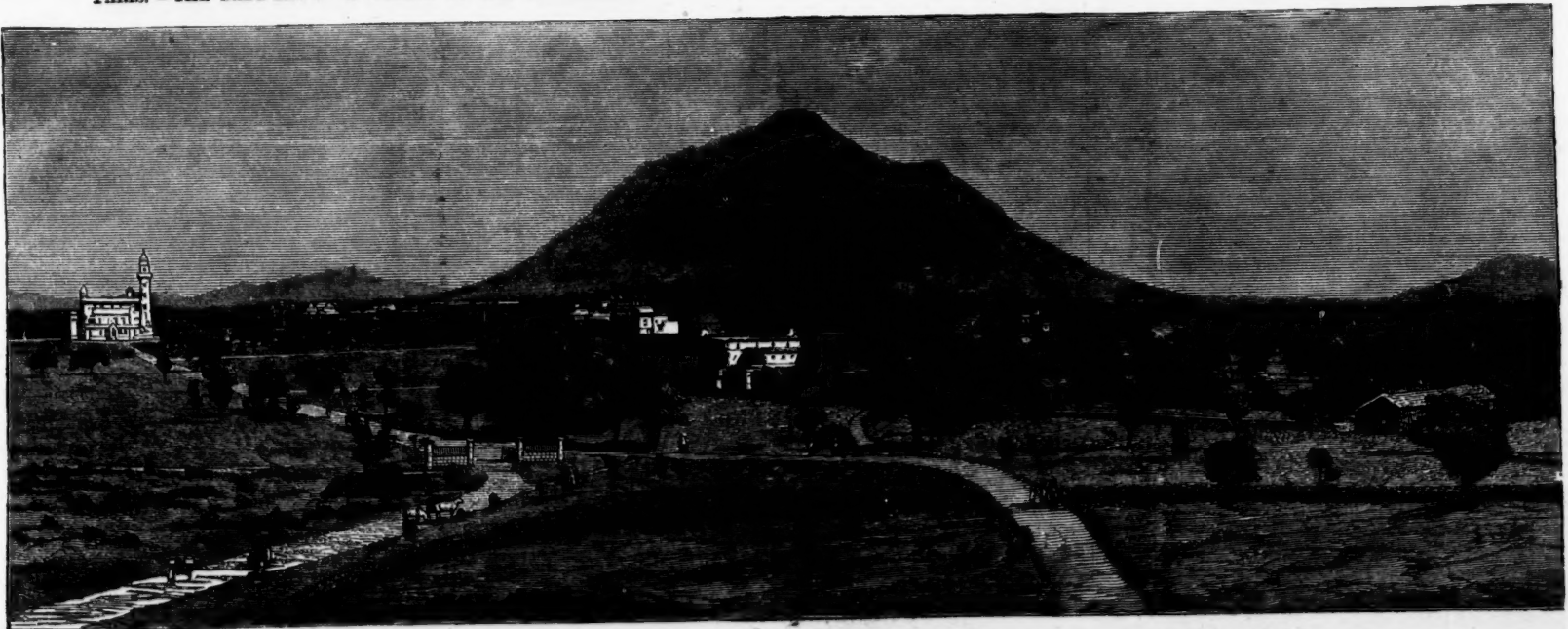
IRELAND.—DUBLIN CASTLE, FROM THE UPPER YARD.



PARIS.—THE BABY-SHOW—A SESSION OF THE COMMITTEE.



RUSSIA.—IMPERIAL BALL AT THE WINTER PALACE.



INDIA.—THE MAYO COLLEGE, AJMERE, RAJPUTANA, FOR THE EDUCATION OF SONS OF NATIVE CHIEFS AND PRINCES.





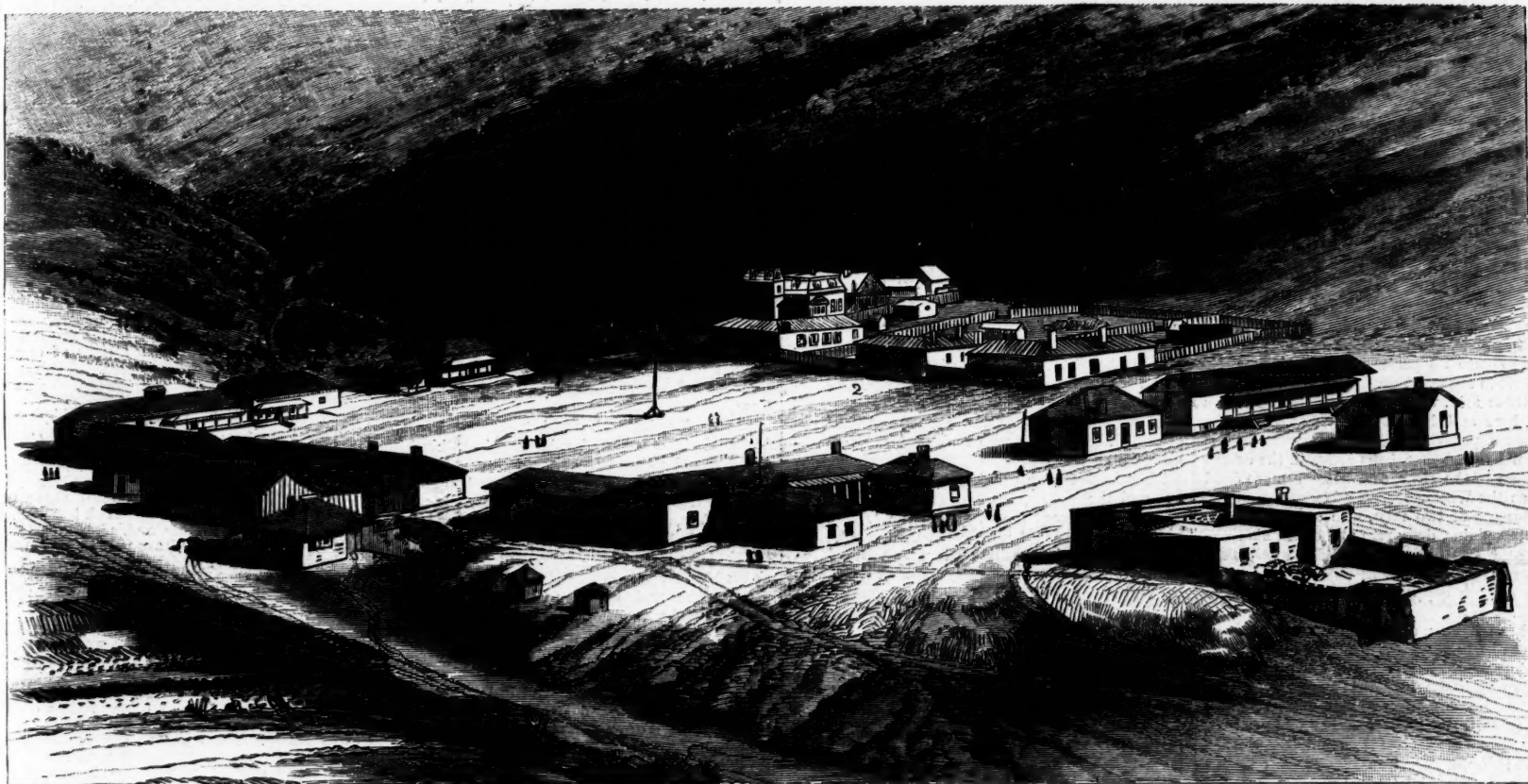
CALIFORNIA.—HON. GEORGE HEARST, NEW U. S. SENATOR.  
SEE PAGE 103.

in the Manassas campaign, which terminated in the battle of Bull Run. In September, 1861, he was made Brigadier-general, and took command of the First Brigade, Sumner's Division, with which he participated in the Rappahannock and Peninsula campaigns. At Fair Oaks, June 1st, 1862, he was twice wounded, losing his right arm; but after a brief absence from the field, he returned to duty, taking part, as commander of the California Brigade, Sedgwick's Division, in the Northern Virginia campaign of that year, and covering the retreat of the army to Washington. He commanded the same brigade in the subsequent Maryland campaign, and succeeded General Sedgwick, after his wounds, in command of the Second Division, Second Corps, at the battle of Antietam. In November, 1862, he was made Major-general of Volunteers, and after serving in the Rappahannock campaign, in the Winter of 1862-63, was assigned to the command of the Eleventh Corps, with which he remained in the Chancellorsville and Pennsylvania campaigns. In September, 1863, the corps was transferred from the Army of the Potomac to the Army of the Cumberland, and under General Howard's command participated in the battles of Lookout Valley and Missionary Ridge, and in the subsequent expedition for the relief of Knoxville. In April, 1864, General Howard was assigned to the command of the Fourth Army Corps, Army of the Cumberland, and engaged in the invasion of Georgia and the campaign against Atlanta, participating in the various actions and battles leading up to the capture of that city.

In the action of May 27th, 1864, at Pickett's Mill, he was again wounded. In the later operations of that campaign he had command of the Army and Department of Tennessee, to which he



MAJOR-GENERAL O. O. HOWARD, U.S.A.

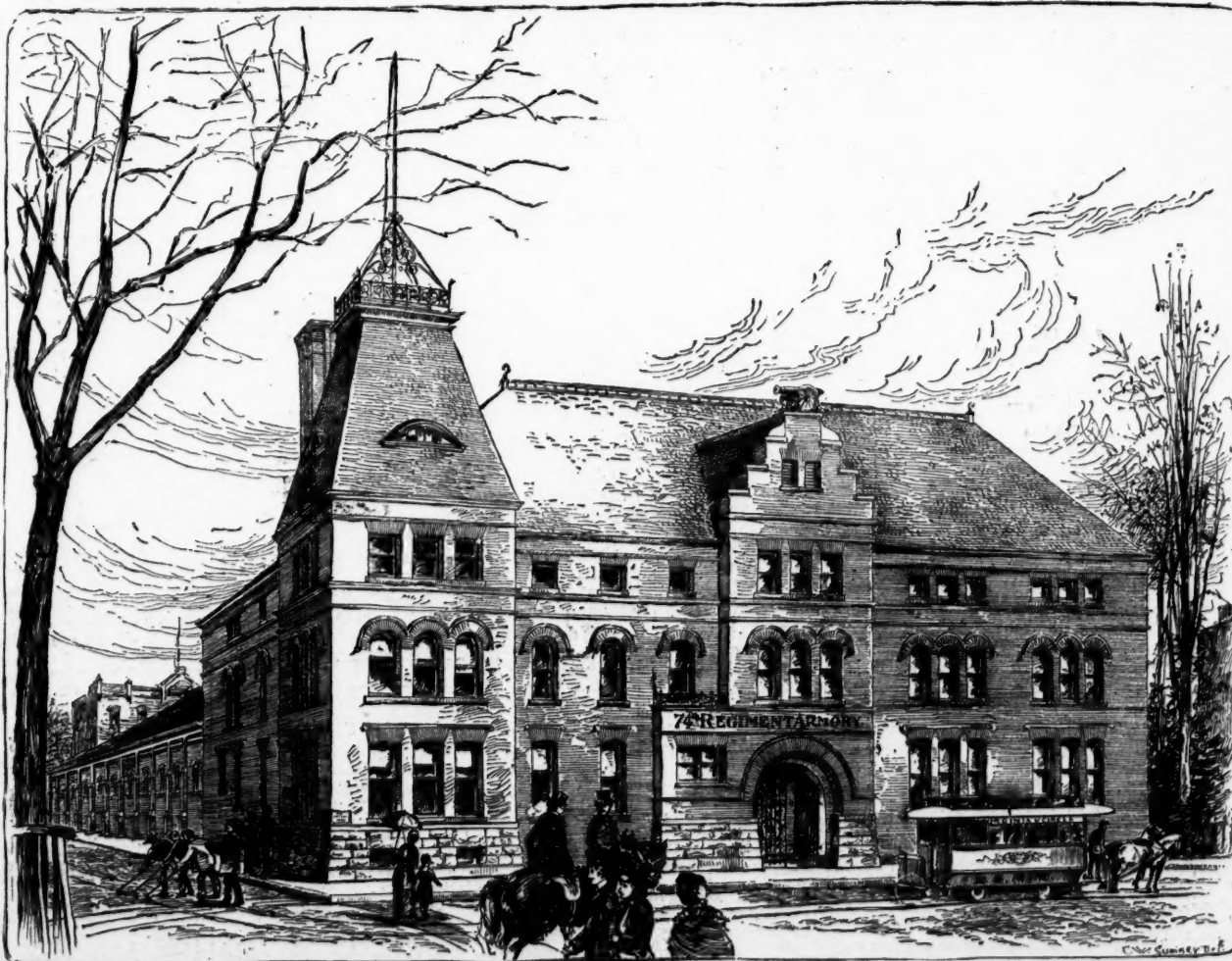


1. Headquarters. 2. Officers' Quarters. 3. Adjutant's Office. 4. Sutler's Store. 5. Barracks. 6. Hospital.

ARIZONA.—FORT BOWIE, THE HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL CROOK, AND THE OLDEST GARRISONED POST IN THE TERRITORY.  
FROM A PHOTO. BY BAKER & JOHNSTON.—SEE PAGE 102.

#### MAJOR-GENERAL O. O. HOWARD.

GENERAL OLIVER O. HOWARD, recently nominated to be a Major-general, was born at Leeds, Me., November 8th, 1830, and has spent almost his entire life in the public service. He was educated at Bowdoin College, Maine, where he graduated in 1850. In September of the same year he entered the Military Academy at West Point, and four years later graduated No. 4 in a class of forty-six. As Brevet Second-Lieutenant of Ordnance, he served at Watervliet Arsenal, New York, and as Second-Lieutenant, during 1855-1856, was in command of Kennebec Arsenal, Maine. In 1857 he served as Chief of Ordnance on the staff of General Harney during the Seminole Indian hostilities in Florida, and from September in that year to June 3d, 1861, was Assistant Professor of Mathematics of the West Point Academy. He resigned this position to accept promotion in the Volunteer service, on the outbreak of the Civil War, serving first in the defenses of Washington as Colonel of the Third Maine Volunteers, and afterwards as commandant of the Third Brigade, Heintzelman's Division,



NEW YORK.—THE NEW ARMORY OF THE SEVENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT, S.N.G., AT BUFFALO, OPENED MARCH 5TH.  
R. A. & L. BETHUNE, ARCHITECTS.—SEE PAGE 103.

was assigned July 27th, 1864. In the march from Atlanta to Savannah he commanded the right wing of Sherman's army. In December, 1864, he was made a Brigadier-general, United States Army, and as such took part in the subsequent operations in the Carolinas down to the surrender of General Johnston's army. In March, 1865, he was made Brevet Major-general, United States Army, "for gallant and meritorious services at the battle of Ezra Church and during the campaign against Atlanta, Ga." At the close of the war, he was appointed Chief of the Freedmen's Bureau, a position which he filled with distinguished efficiency from May 12th, 1865, to June 30th, 1872. In November of the latter year he was appointed Special Commissioner to the hostile Apaches of New Mexico and Arizona, and in September, 1874, was assigned to the Department of the Columbia. He conducted the campaign against the hostile Nez Perces from May to November, 1877, being engaged in numerous skirmishes and actions, pursuing the hostile Indians for more than 1,300 miles, through Oregon, Washington Territory, Idaho and Montana, until their final capture at Bear Paw Mountains,



Montana, October 5th, 1877. The following year he engaged in the operations against the hostile Bannocks and Putes, who were finally defeated and captured. In January, 1881, he was assigned to the command of West Point, and made Superintendent of the Military Academy, going thence in September, 1882, to take command of the Department of the Platte, with headquarters at Omaha, where he has remained ever since.

General Howard received the degree of A. M. from Bowdoin College, Maine, in 1853, and subsequently received that of LL.D. from the Waterville College, Maine, Shurtliff College, Illinois, and Gettysburg Theological Seminary, Pa. In 1884 the French Government conferred upon him the dignity of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. While busy with his sword, he has found time to use the pen, being the author of "Donald's School-days," "Chief Joseph; Or, The Nez Percés in Peace and War," and of numerous articles and manuscripts in magazines and reviews, as well as translator of the "Count de Gasparin" from the French.

#### LEAF-ASPECTS.

##### IN SPRING.

THE maiden leaves through veins of sylvan blood  
Are thrilled to love and sweet Arcadian bliss.  
When murmuring 'round lithe bough or wakening  
bud  
They dimple softly to the south wind's kiss!

##### IN AUTUMN.

How silently above the dying leaves  
The treacherous Frost a fatal network weaves;  
And slowly robbed of Autumn's buoyant breath,  
The weary foliage lapses into death!

WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

#### "THE ROSE OF JERUSALEM."

BY CLAUDIA M. GIRARDEAU.

A COLD, cutting wind from the north blew across the barren, naked cliffs of the Devil's River, and the barren, barer plains that stretched away as far as the eye could reach. But the sky above these arid deserts was of a dazzling hue, and the waters of the river were as clear as crystal. There is an Indian story concerning the limpid clearness of this stream.

The traveler approaching and seeing the pebbly bottom at a depth of—as he thinks—two or three feet, boldly plunges in and goes down to be seen no more. Hence its prettier, though more suggestive, Indian name, "The Waters of Deception."

Upon these arid, wind-swept prairies and cliffs one sees, here and there, balls of what seem to be dried grasses, probably rolled up together by the racing norther. These balls lodge in the cracks and crevices of the cliffs, and become more dead and dry as the winter season advances.

The younger of two men, who appeared to be crossing the plains, drew rein and called his companion's attention to the dry and dusty balls that the wind was driving before it.

"What do you suppose they are?" asked the elder man.

"Bunches of grass, or the withered remains of birds' nests."

"Birds' nests, with not a solitary tree except yon scraggy mesquite in sight?" said the other, racing his mustang after a ball flying by and catching it deftly as he leaped from his saddle. He returned to his companion and threw it to him. "It is the Sempervirens, the 'Rose of Jerusalem,' the 'Resurrection Plant.'"

"A plant? This dry, dead bunch of withered grass and sticks?"

"Keep it until you get home—keep it three months if you like, then put it into a saucer of water and see what happens."

"I will send it to Narcissa," said the young man, putting it with several others into a pocket. "She has quite a collection of curious plants already."

The Comte de Saint-Cyr, the foremost engineer of the day, the prime mover in the gigantic scheme of connecting the Atlantic and Pacific by a canal through the Tehuantepec Isthmus, was visiting Monsieur de Chalusse, an old friend of his, in a small town in Southwestern Texas. Of a wealthy and ancient Lorraine family, the self-exiled Comte de Chalusse had come to Texas during the epidemic of emigration that swept over Germany and France, when the ill-starred Society of Mayence sent over enthusiastic Germans by the shipload. A friend of Salm-Salm, Chalusse had visited the Sophienburg near Nassau, and shared with the Prince the vision of a future empire upon the banks of the Llano and the Rio Grande. When the Society of Mayence failed, and Salm-Salm returned to his Rhine castle, leaving the Sophienburg to the owls and bats, Monsieur de Chalusse returned to San Antonio, and late in life married a beautiful American from one of the Southern States. When he heard that the great engineer had come to America, and was seriously undertaking the task of cutting the Great Canal, Chalusse wrote to him, urging him to come to San Antonio for old friendship's sake.

Saint-Cyr responded as cordially to the cordial letter of invitation, and curious to see his old friend, followed his letter as soon as practicable.

The meeting was affecting. The Comte de Chalusse poured out a torrent of questions concerning his country, his old home. Saint-Cyr recounted his triumphs, his sorrows, his joys. It was the meeting of brothers. A neat serving-woman brought in cake and wine. They did not see her.

After two or three hours of uninterrupted enjoyment, wherein both often talked at once, Madame de Chalusse, still beautiful, though no longer very young, appeared.

"Messieurs, I am sorry to disturb, but dinner has been waiting for half an hour," then, seeing the untouched cake and wine, "Edmonde, I wonder at your thoughtlessness—Monsieur de Saint-Cyr must be faint."

Chalusse looked from the waiter to his wife in comical dismay, but Saint-Cyr replied, courteously: "Madame, I have thought of nothing but the

pleasure of seeing an old friend for the first time in thirty years."

"Have you found him much changed by his ill-fortune?"

"Ill-fortune? My dear lady, I consider him the most fortunate of men. He hasn't deserved such happiness."

His admiring glance pointed his remark. The lady made some gay reply, and the three went in to dinner.

The table was set in the courtyard of the house, which was built in the airy, pleasant Mexican fashion. Large trees that grew in the open space shaded the impromptu *salle-a-manger*, and flowers, in pots of Mexican earthenware, bloomed upon the surrounding verandas and balconies.

"Where is Narcissa?" asked Monsieur de Chalusse, as they took their seats.

As he spoke, a young lady appeared upon the upper piazza and presently entered the courtyard a little out of breath. She was about nineteen or twenty years of age, and fitly clad in Summer white.

"My daughter, this is the old friend of your father, the Comte de Saint-Cyr, of whom you have so often heard. This is my only child, *Néne*."

Narcissa put out her hand and exclaimed:

"Monsieur, is it possible? If you only knew how delighted we are. We have talked of nothing but you for the past two months; in fact, ever since we knew that you were to cut the Great Canal for us."

Saint-Cyr looked at her wonderingly. What fair flower of France was this blooming in the New World? She had her father's straight and rather cold features, but her mother's "dark, vivid, and eloquent eyes." She had her father's stately presence and her mother's beautiful hands and graceful bearing. Her smile was exquisite, her voice rich and sweet, her glance direct and brilliant, yet modest.

Saint-Cyr was charmed. He drew a gentle sigh of regret for his long past youth. Did he know how the young girl opposite him regarded him? How could he know her thoughts of his lion-like head with its crown of thick, silky white hair; his black eyes, the fire of which no age would ever dim; his majestic, erect figure; his air noble, at once imperial and winning?

What a pleasant dinner it was. The great engineer thought it was the pleasantest hour he had ever spent, and said so afterwards. The scent of oranges was in the air, and in the cool shade of the colonnades Narcissa's favorite flowers spread their silken leaves and shed odors of jasmine and roses.

Then in the later evening, when the stars were out and the

"Crescent moon, a silver boat,  
Hung dim behind the trees,"

the music from the military band on the Plaza coming to them mellowed by the distance, they sat and spoke of France.

"I have longed to go to France," said Narcissa, to Saint-Cyr. "But papa says he will never return to his country; and no wonder, since Lorraine is no longer a French province; but," dropping her voice for his ear alone, "an old Mexican woman, a fortune-teller, says I shall live in France some day."

"She is a wise woman," said Saint-Cyr, smiling. "I can tell fortunes, too."

"Papa, do you hear what the count says? He can tell fortunes."

"He has certainly spent them, and made them, so I've no doubt he can tell them, too. Does he foretell the future of the canal?"

"*Cela va sans dire*," retorted Narcissa; "besides, monsieur is not expending his millions upon our canal. America is able to provide for her own."

"She does not provide in this case, mademoiselle; but if I were obliged to expend my money upon my ventures, I would do it without hesitation."

"Even upon the Great Canal?"

"Most certainly. I hope you do not doubt my success?"

"Monsieur," she returned, reproachfully, "it is the grandest undertaking since the building of the Pyramids."

They laughed at her enthusiasm.

"But tell me of France," she continued.

"My child," said De Chalusse, "things are sadly changed since '72. Look at Lorraine."

"Papa," she said, gravely, "you should not complain. Before '72 you had lost the battle of Waterloo; now, you have won it."

"That is a consolation that never occurred to me," said her father, amused; "but just at present I happen to be an American."

"I shall be the happiest woman in the world," said Narcissa, "when I can go to France, look about me and say, 'So this is my country; here my father's family for centuries past lived and died, loyal subjects of the soil!'"

"Subjects of the soil?" repeated Saint-Cyr.

"After all, Edmonde, the feelings of the highest class and of the lowest, even the *adscripti glebe*, find the same expression. It is the love of country that is the great want of the middle classes."

The conversation drifted to the discussion of the great social problem. The engineer had his own views of the subject, and gave them eloquent expression. Narcissa sat beside her father and listened, as *Desdemona* sat beside *Brabantio* and listened to the *Moor*.

Saint-Cyr thought of the fair Venetian, and wondered if she were fairer than his country-woman.

The next morning he rose before the sun, and stepped upon the stone balcony adjoining his room. A figure in white moving among the flowers in the courtyard caught his eye. It was Narcissa with a watering-pot in her hand. She looked very lovely in her cool garments of some thin white stuff, her favorite flower—poor Josephine's "Souvenir de Malmaison"—in the loops of her

heavy dark hair. She looked up presently and caught sight of him, smiled, and with a "bon-jour, monsieur," invited him to descend. She showed him her collection of rare plants and flowers, and when he paused before the gem of all, she offered him the single bloom it bore, and bent to cut it off.

"Many thanks, mademoiselle, but I believe I would rather not have that one."

She paused and turned her splendid eyes upon him, disappointed.

"Why, monsieur, it is the rarest flower I have."

"Pardon, mademoiselle: the choicest one you have you have not offered me."

She looked seriously at him.

"Is it possible? Where is it? Show it to me, monsieur."

"And if I do—"

"It is yours if you want it."

He put out his hand and touched the rose in her hair. She smiled brightly.

"Is the *Souvenir* your favorite rose also, monsieur? It is mine, as you see; but you are no botanist. It is by no means the choicest flower I have. Will you have this?—or this?" indicating the buds on the bush.

"It is the rose in your hair, mademoiselle, that I ask for."

She unpinned it and loosened her hair at the same time; it fell upon her shoulders in thick curls.

"Oh, how awkward I am!" she exclaimed, laughing; "see what you have made me do, monsieur. You don't deserve the rose."

"But you promised it to me."

"And a Chalusse should keep her word."

She pinned the flower upon his coat. She was a goodly height; he did not dwarf her at all, although he towered above most men.

"Brunehilde," he murmured.

"Am I so tall?" she asked. "There! I have decorated you, monsieur; you are now a Knight of the Rose; it should be a *fleur-de-llys* instead."

And she went off, holding back the flood of hair that hung from her shoulders far below the waist.

He followed her with his eyes, thinking deeply.

A week passed, a delightful week to the Chalussees, but more particularly to their guest.

One day a little package and a letter, postmarked "Presidio del Norte," came to Narcissa. She opened the letter first, then cried out:

"From Victor, *maman*; he is on the Rio Grande."

"What does he send you?"

"That is a secret," said Narcissa, blushing slightly, and going out of the room.

"Victor Rembert is my nephew," exclaimed Madame de Chalusse to Saint-Cyr; "he is traveling in Western Texas."

"And Mademoiselle—Narcissa—"

The lady was sharp-witted, if a trifle near-sighted, and replied, readily:

"Narcissa and her cousin are brother and sister, monsieur. I do not approve marriages between cousins; besides, the Church forbids it."

Saint-Cyr and Madame de Chalusse were alone, so he took courage.

"Madame," he said, earnestly, "what I am going to say may sound absurd. The difference in age is very great, but your daughter is very beautiful. Is it absurd for me to say that I love her, and would give the world to marry her? Do you think she could love me? Look at me—I am past sixty!"

He walked up and down the room. He would be superb when he should be a century old. Madame de Chalusse admired him with all her heart. A little smile flickered about her lips. She rose and went to the door and called Narcissa. The young lady came in, with a saucer carefully held in her hands.

"Well, *maman*?"

"The Comte de Saint-Cyr wishes to speak to you, my daughter." Then to Saint-Cyr, in a lower tone, "Pardon me, monsieur, but I am not a Frenchwoman," and then she went away and closed the door after her.

Narcissa advanced slowly to a table, and set thereon the saucer. A dry ball of faded-green, withered grass was in it, floating upon the surface of the water.

Saint-Cyr watched it curiously. The plant, apparently dead, slowly revived, opened by degrees, and as the revivifying water permeated its roots it expanded more and more, its color became fresh and moist, and finally it lay upon the saucer a lovely flower—a green rose.

"What is it?" asked Saint-Cyr.

"Monsieur, it is the Rose of Jerusalem, the emblem of life—the ever-living. And as the water applied to it restores it to freshness and beauty, so does love impart life—fresh life and youth—to the heart of age. Love never grows old."

She looked at him, and then looked down, ashamed of her audacity.

Saint-Cyr started, and then drew her gently to him, kissing her downcast face.

"My love, I read your parable."

And so the world knows how the greatest man of his day when in the afternoon of life won for a wife a young and beautiful woman who loves him devotedly.

#### THE "TWO SAMs" IN CHICAGO.

FOR a month past the City of Chicago has been profoundly stirred by the preaching of the two Georgia evangelists, "Sam" Jones and "Sam" Small. The latter was first in the field, having commenced his services on February 15th. These he conducted alone, holding two meetings daily, for two weeks, while Mr. Jones was finding rest at his home in Cartersville, Ga. Since the appearance of the latter upon the scene, the two have worked together, addressing audiences of 6,000 and 8,000 daily, and awakening the deepest interest among all classes. The largest meetings have been held in the Casino Skating Rink on the South Side, which, with a capacity of 7,000, has often proved far too small to accommo-

date the multitudes thronging to its doors. The results of these meetings have been most remarkable. Up the 21st ult. 1,000 persons had publicly avowed themselves as penitents, and as resolved to unite with the Christian Church. Among these are several persons of prominence in society and professional life.

"Sam" Small, who is himself one of "Sam" Jones's converts, seems to have sounded in his career all the depths of wickedness and folly, and his reclamation, not unnaturally perhaps, created a genuine sensation in the State where he was so widely known. The genuineness of his reformation is attested by the fact that he immediately abandoned his profession to become an evangelist, and has ever since continued earnestly in the work. As to his characteristics, a clerical correspondent of the New York *Independent* furnishes the following: "He is about thirty-four, or some three years younger than his leader, tall, slight, graceful, gifted, educated, and intensely in earnest. Low as he had sunk morally at the time of his conversion, about six months ago, few would now venture to question the thoroughness of his Christian character. His college training and social advantages have given him the bearing of a cultivated gentleman. Legal studies, newspaper experience as the 'Old Si' of the Atlanta *Constitution*, service as private secretary of Andrew Johnson, of our Commissioner to the last Paris Exposition, and others, and discipline as official reporter of the courts in Atlanta, have furnished him with wide experience of men and with great facility in dispatching work. While he has not yet been ordained or even licensed as a minister, he preaches like a veteran. His fluency, smoothness of diction, readiness of resource, richness of allusion, and absolute fearlessness, endow him with astonishing power for so inexperienced a preacher. His style is much like that of an unusually cultivated 'stump speaker,' as is natural for one that has been so much in politics. In voice and in original gifts of mind he is apparently inferior to Mr. Jones; but in general culture and in eloquence he is the better man of the two. In his special 'views' and methods he shares both the strength and the weakness of his more famous master." All the discourses of these evangelists are published in some of the Chicago newspapers, and telegraphed daily to papers in Cincinnati and other cities, and they are perhaps read by a greater number of people than any similar addresses have ever been in the history of the country. It is stated that in Cincinnati 4,000 persons have joined the Churches as the result of the wonderful preaching of these evangelists. Does not their great success afford another proof that the methods generally employed by the pulpit are not those best adapted to reach the masses of our great cities?

#### FORT BOWIE, ARIZONA.

##### THE HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL CROOK.

A CORRESPONDENT OF FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER at Fort Bowie, Ariz., furnishes this interesting account of that military post: "Since the Apache outbreak last May, Fort Bowie has been General Crook's headquarters. It was established as a military post in July, 1862, by Brigadier General James H. Carleton, who passed this place at that time with a command of California Volunteers on his way to Santa Fé. He detached one company to protect the water here from the Indians. There was so little water along the route from Tucson, that he was obliged to do this in order to keep up communication with California, whence he received most of his supplies. They had some trouble from the Indians at first, and had to open fire upon them from a couple of cannon before they could establish themselves in any security. The selection of this place was due solely to the above-mentioned fact, for if ease of access and size of grounds had been considered, much more favorable places for a military post could have been found, within a radius of fifteen or twenty miles.

"The post is built on ground gently sloping to the north, and is surrounded by mountains, rather steep, whose highest tops rise 1,000 feet above the ground, and which are 5,000 feet above the sea-level. Their sides are sparsely covered with cacti, the mesquite-bush, bear-grass, and much loose, broken rock is found, with here and there a large boulder or an overtopping ledge of rock. The highest tops are bare of verdure, and the different ridges present a rather sharp, irregular outline. Through what is called Apache Pass there is a fine view to the north across the San Simon Valley to the Stein's Peak range, thirty miles distant. The climate for eight months, from October, is for the most part delightful, but in April the hot weather begins to set in, and in midsummer it is extremely hot during the day; though at sunset, however, the heat is followed by a marked and refreshing coolness, so that the nights are not uncomfortable. In Spring and Summer there is a great variety of pretty wild flowers near the post, which in some measure compensate for the generally desolate appearance of the soil during the rest of the year. The unproductiveness of the soil is not because it is intrinsically poor, but because it is so poorly watered. It is claimed by some that Arizona takes its name from this fact—arid zone.

"This is the oldest garrisoned post in the Territory. At the time it was started there were but two other military posts in Arizona, Fort Buchanan and Fort Breckinridge. They were established in 1859, and were named for the President and Vice-president at that time. At the outbreak of the Rebellion these posts were abandoned, and when the California Volunteers came into the Territory in 1862, there was not a United States soldier here, and the small civilian population was limited to Tucson and Yuma. The Confederate officer, Colonel Sibley, came in from Texas in 1861 with a force of 3,300 men, and took possession of the place in Arizona and New Mexico that had been abandoned by the Federal troops. At this time the Apaches had everything very much their own way, and being ignorant of our war, they thought at last they had conquered the American people.

"At one time there was some talk of abandoning the post, but during the last two Indian wars it has been so important that it has been decided to make it one of the permanent posts of the Territory. The person who saw it a couple of years ago would scarcely recognize it as the same post, so many are the improvements that have been made in it by the present commanding officer, Colonel E. B. Beaumont. The buildings, some of which are built of adobe and others of wood, have been greatly improved in appearance and point of convenience. Water has been piped to all the buildings, the premises of the officers' quarters have been inclosed by neat fences, and much other work has been done to improve the general appearance of the post.

"Perhaps there is no spot in the Territory which has been the scene of more interesting events in



connection with the Apaches than this. Here was born the head chief of the Chiricahua Apaches, Cochise, who held such complete sway over his own tribe and whose power was so far-reaching that he largely controlled the action of the other Apache tribes. A proof of his prominence remains in the number of places that have been named for him, as Cochise's Head, the name of one of the highest peaks of the Chiricahua Mountains, and which represents the head of a man lying on his back; Cochise's Spring, Cochise's Cañon, Cochise's Stronghold, and Cochise County. In 1860 Cochise was at peace with the whites. By treaty he had agreed not to trouble the stage-line which had one of its stations near these grounds. As long as this state of affairs continued travelers were not molested. The rest of the Apaches, although they had made no such treaty, did not dare to disturb those to whom Cochise was friendly. There were occasional depredations committed upon settlers by other tribes. In 1860 the White Mountain Apaches attacked Ward's Ranch, near the Mexican line, a few miles south of Fort Buchanan. They carried off his son, now well known in these parts as "Mickie Free." Ward informed the officer at Fort Buchanan of what had happened, and a troop under Lieutenant Bascom from the Regiment of Mounted Riflemen was sent in pursuit of the hostiles. They reached this place, and encamped in the San Simon Valley, not far from Cochise. Cochise started out to see what had called the soldiers here. He had a talk with Bascom, and said he knew nothing of the affair, but promised to do what he could to rescue the boy. Bascom determined to take him prisoner. He invited him to dinner, and when he was in his tent the door was closed and a sentry stationed outside. Cochise saw at once that he was being deceived, and with lightning quickness he drew his knife and cut a hole in the tent. As he leaped out the sentry knocked him down with his gun. Springing to his feet, in an instant he was behind a rock, and then out of reach. The next day the Indians were in the mountains watching Bascom's camp. The station-keeper here at that time was a man named Wallace. He thought he could avert all trouble by a talk with Cochise. He made the attempt, and was taken prisoner. The Indians remained in the mountains two days, and took three more men prisoners, and Bascom in the same time took seven Indians prisoners. The third morning the Indians were nowhere to be seen. Bascom started back to Fort Buchanan, and crossing their trail, found the bodies of the white men the Indians had captured. He then took the seven Indians and hung them to a tree. This was the cause and beginning of the war which Cochise waged for twelve years, and which ended in 1872, when General Howard met Cochise in his stronghold and made a treaty of peace with him. Cochise then came back to his old home near the post. This information, which is furnished by Mr. S. R. De Long, the post-trader, who received it from Colonel Barnard of the Eighth Cavalry, who at that time was a sergeant with Lieutenant Bascom. Mr. De Long was one of the California Volunteers, and has been the post-trader ever since the post was established. Cochise died in 1875, not an old man, but worn out by dissipation. "I. F. S."

## HON. GEORGE HEARST,

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM CALIFORNIA.

**HON. GEORGE HEARST**, recently appointed United States Senator, by Governor Stone-man of California, to succeed Hon. John F. Miller, deceased, is a native of Missouri, and went to the Pacific Slope in 1850. He is now about fifty-five years of age, full of vigor, and noted for his great vitality, very few young men being able to keep up with him when on prospecting tours. His enterprise is a portion of the history of the Pacific Coast, and his reputation for good judgment, foresight and knowledge of ore bodies has never been questioned. He is married, and his wife and family are now residents of Washington City, where Mr. Hearst entertains largely. He is the controlling spirit of the well-known firm of Hearst, Haggin, Sevis & Co., who own and are working more dividend-paying mines than any firm in the United States. They include gold, silver and copper mines, and are located in all the States and Territories west of the Rockies. The great Anaconda and St. Lawrence Copper Mines of Montana, known the world over, are located near Butte City, and ship nearly 700 tons of bullion per day. Mr. Hearst started and is now running the great Ontario Silver Mine in Park City, Utah Territory, and it is said that over \$6,000,000 in dividends have been declared by this company during the past ten years. The Homestake Gold Mines, near Deadwood City, in Dakota Territory, is another of his productive mineral properties. His income is variously estimated at from \$1,000 to \$1,200 per day. He has never been in practical politics, but being a Democrat, always contributed generously to the funds of his party. In 1882 his friends insisted on placing him before the San José Convention for Governor of California, but General Stoneman was nominated and elected. Prior to this, Mr. Hearst had purchased the old *Evening Examiner* of San Francisco, and converted it into a full-fledged morning daily. This was at an expenditure of large sums of money, but the loss did not dampen his political ardor. When the State went Republican, one year afterwards, he was placed in nomination for the United States Senatorship, but the Hon. Leland Stanford was chosen. The *Daily Examiner* is still his property, and is still strongly devoted to anti-monopoly ideas. He is a great favorite among the mining men, and is familiarly known, notwithstanding that he has acquired millions, as "Honest George Hearst." His generosity is of a quiet character, but thousands will testify to its genuineness. He is not an orator, but is a plain blunt man, and being full of practical ideas and sound common sense, he will no doubt prove an efficient legislator and a congenial colleague to the Hon. Leland Stanford, the Republican Senator. Mr. Hearst is in the interior of Mexico at this writing, and is not aware of the unsolicited honors that have been conferred upon him.

## ARMORY OF THE SEVENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. N. G.

**THE** new Seventy-fourth Regiment Armory at Buffalo was formally opened on Friday evening, March 5th, in the presence of Governor Hill and his staff, General Josiah Porter, Major-general Rogers, Brigadier-general P. C. Doyle and an audience of some 3,000 persons. The inauguration exercises were preceded by a banquet tendered the distinguished guests by Mayor Becker and the City Council. The dedicatory services opened with a brief concert and regimental drill,

which were followed by several short and interesting speeches, including the tender of the building by Supervisor Persons, and its acceptance by Colonel William Bloomer, whose remarks were especially interesting from a historical point of view. The Seventy-fourth Regiment was organized June 1st, 1854. Five times during the Civil War the organization was mustered into the service of the United States, and for the last three and a half years of the war it was practically on duty at all times. In June and July, 1863, it was on duty in Maryland and Pennsylvania, taking part in the battle of Gettysburg, and subsequently serving in New York city during the draft riots, and it was instrumental in saving the well-known Atlantic Docks and grain-elevators in Brooklyn. Its services during the railroad riots of 1877 were of the highest value. Every call made upon the regiment has met with a prompt and hearty response. During the war it sent to the front 1,500 men (including 300 officers).

The remarks of Governor Hill, who followed Colonel Bloomer, were at once brief and appropriate. He gracefully referred to the honorable war record of the soldiers of Erie County, and laid great stress on the exceptional fact that the new Armory had been built solely by the county, without the donation from the State of a single dollar.

The formal exercises over, the company broke up into parties of inspection, and every nook and corner of the elegant and commodious Quarters received a due share of admiration. The building was erected under direction of architects R. A. & L. Bethune, of Buffalo, and occupies a lot, 300 x 120 ft., on the corner of Virginia Street and Tremont Place, and is a neat pressed brick edifice with brownstone basement and trimmings. The Virginia Street front is occupied by the Administration Building, 60x120 ft., containing the headquarters, adjutant's, non-commissioned officers' and board of officers' rooms, toilet rooms, 8 company rooms, 25 x 25 ft., with separate locker rooms 13 x 25 ft., each with its 60 lockers. The third floor of the Administration Building is used for janitors' quarters, dressing and store rooms, and a squad drill room 60 x 70 ft., with open truss roof, 30 feet high. The massive iron gates give access to broad entrance steps and a hall 14 feet wide, unobstructed by staircases, and opening upon the side corridors and the grand drill hall, 120 x 225 ft., with open truss roof, 50 feet high, and gallery accommodation for 500 spectators. A 14-foot wide rifle-range and riflemen's waiting-room in the basement occupies the entire length of the building (285 feet), making it the longest rifle-range in any armory in the country.

It is creditable to all concerned that the building has cost the county only \$55,000, while similar edifices, no larger, in other parts of the country, have frequently cost double and treble that amount.

## PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

## DUBLIN CASTLE.

The historic Castle of Dublin, where Viceroyalty holds its state, was originally a fortress, built on the brow of Hazelwood Hill in 1205, during the reign of King John. It was not until the time of Elizabeth that it became a residence for the viceroys. Little of the original Anglo-Norman building now remains. The structures that now surround the Upper and Lower Castle Yards form rather an incongruous and unpicturesque mass of architecture. The Upper Yard, shown in our picture, is a quadrangle 280 feet long and 130 feet broad. The viceregal apartments are in the side of the Castle opposite the entrance. St. Patrick's Hall, a gorgeously embellished chamber 82 feet long, 41 feet wide, and 38 feet high, is the scene of the brilliant levees, "drawing-rooms," balls and receptions held at the Castle. The private viceregal residence, however, where Lord and Lady Aberdeen are at present quartered, is the spacious and handsome lodge in Phoenix Park, a mile and a quarter northwest of the city entrance to that demesne.

## TREE-HOUSES OF NEW GUINEA.

In No. 1,586 of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER appeared a picture of the hoisting of the British flag at Aroma, in October last, proclaiming the protectorate over the large and fertile Island of New Guinea. This week we illustrate a singular sight, peculiar to that country. It is the native *dobo*, or house built high up among the branches of a tall tree, like a huge bird's-nest. These aerial huts are not ordinarily used as places of residence, but for places of refuge and defense in case of attack by hostile tribes. They are sufficiently large to contain a dozen or more persons.

## THE PARIS BABY-SHOW.

Paris, always on the lookout for a new sensation, has just imported the baby-show idea from America or England. Examinations of infants from all the *arrondissements* of Paris are at present in progress in the Rue du Casino in the Rue du Cloître-Notre-Dame. These preliminary examinations are both medical and artistic; and the babies scoring a sufficient number of points in beauty, health and general deportment are reserved by the committee for the final and definitive competition, when prizes will be awarded, consisting of a gold medal or 1,000 francs to the prettiest baby; a gold medal or 500 francs to the most robust; prizes of 100 francs to babies entered for the first prizes, but not winning them; and ten medals of gold and silver to parents and nurses.

## BALL IN THE WINTER PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG.

The first ball of the season at St. Petersburg was given by the Czar, in his Winter Palace, on the 5th ult. As usual, the ball was opened by the Polish dance, or, rather, promenade, the Czar and the Czarina leading. Next followed the Czarevitch with the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, and the other members of the Imperial family. Then came the titled Russians who are admitted to the Court. This is the scene illustrated in the Russian artist's picture, which we reproduce.

## THE MAYO COLLEGE AT AJMERE, INDIA.

This important institution, founded in 1870 by the late Lord Mayo for the education of the sons of Indian magnates, was formally opened in November last by Lord Dufferin. The working of the College began, however, long before the completion of the buildings, the first term opening in 1876 with twenty-six pupils. The number at present is about eighty. The curriculum embraces English and mathematics, Hindu and Urdu, Sanskrit and Persian, history and geography, while competition in athletic sports is earnestly encouraged. The college is "devoted exclusively to the education of the chiefs, princes and leading The-

kurs of Rajputana," and is thoroughly suited in its equipments to the position and rank of the boys to whose instruction it is devoted. The cost of the main building and of the principal's residence was borne by the Imperial Government; while the revenue from an endowment fund of seven lacs of rupees (nearly \$350,000), contributed by the chiefs and princes of Rajputana, pays the yearly expenses of the college, with the exception of the head-master's salary. Ajmere, the capital of the district of that name, is a city of about 34,000 inhabitants, situated 220 miles southwest of Delhi. The college buildings, in the Hindu-Saracenic style of architecture, stand in the midst of a superb park, forming a stately and picturesque group.

## THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Artificial sponge made of cotton, rendered absorbent, and treated with antiseptics, has been invented in England. A piece of the size of a walnut has absorbed water until it reached the size of a coconut. It is so cheap that it need be used but once.

JOHN R. SMALL, a wealthy citizen of San Francisco, who is forming a magnificent library of choice English books, has lately had bound for him, through a London bookseller, a set of Pickering's Aldine edition of the British poets (fifty-three volumes), each volume being increased in distinct shades of morocco from the others. This has been done before in calf, but never before in morocco.

The latest idea in Berlin is a musical sewing-machine, which plays a succession of lively tunes while in action. Another mechanical novelty interesting to ladies is the application of electric light to piano-fortes. The material and mechanism are concealed inside the case, so that the light is provided for the performer without any apparent disturbance of the ordinary arrangements.

The green color which sometimes affects American as well as European oysters has formed the subject of a late special investigation by a microscopist at the Smithsonian Institution. He finds that it is the minute blood-cells which become tinged with green, and that these tend to lodge in the heart and gills in numbers great enough to give a green appearance. The coloring matter, which may be vegetable, or an abnormal product of digestion, is entirely harmless, and in no wise due to a copper tincture, as is popularly supposed.

The prevention of decay in wood is said to be effectively accomplished by exhausting the air from the pores and filling them with a gutta-percha solution, a substance which preserves the wood alike from moisture, water, and the action of the sun. The solution is made by mixing two-thirds of gutta-percha to one-third of paraffine, this mixture being then heated to liquefy the gutta-percha, when it is readily introduced into the pores of the wood, the effect of the gutta-percha being, when it becomes cool, to harden the pores.

A disinfecting compound for purifying the atmosphere of the sick-room has been presented to the Berlin Medical Society. Oils of rosemary, lavender and thyme, in the proportions of ten, two and a half, and two and a half parts, respectively, are mixed with water and nitric acid in the proportion of thirty to one and a half. The bottle should be shaken before using, and a sponge saturated in the compound and left to diffuse by evaporation. Simple as it is, the vapor of this compound is said to possess extraordinary properties in controlling the odors and effluvia of offensive and infectious disorders.

By the new process of toughening timber, it is claimed that the effect produced upon whitewood is such that a cold-chisel is required in order to split it. This result is accomplished by a special method of steaming the timber and submitting it to end pressure, technically "upsetting it." By this means the cells and fibres are compressed into one compact mass; and it is the opinion of those who have experimented with the process that wood can be compressed to the extent of some seventy-five per cent., and that some of the timber now considered unfit for use in such work as carriage-building, for instance, can be made valuable by this means as a substitute for ash, hickory, etc.

THE Willamantic (Conn.) Thread Company some time since accidentally illustrated the influence of plants on the atmosphere. The nature of the operations of this company demanded a reasonable and constant humidity of the atmosphere in their shops. To obtain this, they had employed two men and a spraying-machine, but Colonel Barrows, desiring to increase the comfort and pleasure of his operatives, commenced the cultivation of plants around the factory and placed many in the rooms, employing one gardener to take care of them. The atmosphere was at once changed in character; the spraying-machine was no longer needed, one man's wages were saved, and the operatives were surrounded by beautiful flowers and their lives made more pleasant.

## DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

MARCH 19TH.—In Germany, Dr. Leopold Zung, the patriarch of Jewish literature, aged 92 years. MARCH 21ST.—In Newark, N. J., the Rev. Robert B. Camfield, for thirty years District Secretary of the American Sunday-school Union, aged 84 years; in Hyannis, Mass., Surgeon J. S. Knight, U. S. N.; in Yonkers, N. Y., Colonel Thomas F. Morris, a well-known member of the New York Stock Exchange, aged 57 years; in New York, Darius R. Mangan, merchant and banker, aged 70 years; in Nice, France, Marie Heilbron, the *prima donna*, aged 34 years. MARCH 22d.—In Summit, N. J., Dr. John K. Kane, a leading practitioner of the State of Delaware, aged 53 years. MARCH 23d.—At Tomkin's Cove, N. Y., the Rev. Ebenezer Gay, Congregational clergyman, aged 94 years; in Milton, Mass., Judge Joseph McKean Churchill, of the Boston Municipal Court, aged 65 years. MARCH 24th.—In Washington, D. C., ex-Justice Ward Hunt, aged 76 years; in Thomasville, Fla., A. N. Kellogg, originator of the newspaper "patent outside" plan, aged 55 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., Francis C. Kirby, Republican politician and chairman of the Soldiers' Family Relief Fund during the war, aged 68 years; in Louisville, Ky., Professor Louis Dromel, well known in turf circles, aged 55 years. Intelligence is received of the death of Captain Joseph N. Willard, for twenty years United States Consul at Santa Cruz, W. I., aged 55 years. MARCH 25th.—In New York, Major Charles E. Pease, aged 48 years; in Denver, Col., Francis H. Olmstead, formerly of New York; in New York, the Rev. John W. Morris, formerly assistant pastor of the Church of the Epiphany, aged 38 years.

## PERSONAL GOSSIP.

PRESIDENT DIAZ of Mexico has given \$500 to the Grant Monument Fund.

REPRESENTATIVE ABRAM S. HEWITT will not be a candidate for re-election to Congress.

DR. MCCOSH, of Princeton, has averaged ten hours of work and study daily throughout his professional career.

M. DE LESSEPS, in a speech at St. Nazaire, France, after his arrival from Panama, said that the canal would be completed in 1889.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND characterizes the recent slaughter of colored men while attending court in Carrollton, Miss., "a blight to our civilization."

MR. J. H. PARNELL, brother of the Irish leader, has 1,300 acres in peaches on his Georgia farm. He will probably find fruit-growing more profitable than politics.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON has signed a contract with Maurice Strakosch for a farewell tour in America. The tour will begin with a performance on October 11th.

HENRY WATTEBSON, who is rapidly recovering from his late severe illness, proposes to spend the Summer in Europe, and will visit his friend, Boyd Winchester, in Switzerland.

MRS. DE LONG, widow of the Arctic explorer, takes an opposite route to that of her lamented husband, in chaperoning a party of young ladies on a voyage to tropical Venezuela.

MESSRS. INGALLS, BLAIR and STANFORD are said to be conspicuously faithful, of all the United States Senators, in their devotion to their official duties, seldom being absent from their seats.

ALDERMAN HENRY W. JAEHNE, of the New York Board of Aldermen, was last week indicted for bribery in connection with the Broadway Railway steal, and spent two days in the Tombs before he could secure bail.

MR. ROBERT BROWNING, according to a rumor published by the London *Figaro*, is engaged to marry a wealthy Philadelphia widow, Mrs. Moore. "Feristah's Fancies" shows the poet still capable of writing passionate love lyrics.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL GARLAND has made an application to the chairman of the Pan-electric Telephone Investigating Committee to appear before that committee and make a statement of his connection with the Pan-electric Company.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES and Mr. Russell Lowell will soon go together to Europe. Dr. Holmes has never been abroad but once, and that was fifty-one years ago, when the study of medicine seemed more vital to his interests than the pursuit of literature.

DR. JAMES W. RANNEY, of New York, relates that John B. Gough, not long before his death, told him (Dr. Ranney) that he (Gough) had not sufficient confidence in his self-control, after so many years of abstinence, to partake of mince-pie containing a little brandy.

MRS. "JENNIE JUNE" CHOLLY, for ten years the efficient presiding officer of the Sorosis Club, is to be succeeded in that position by Mrs. M. L. Thomas, a fine, dignified-looking woman of about fifty. Mrs. Thomas is best known to a large circle as a successful bee-keeper.

MR. C. B. IVES, the well-known American sculptor, so long a resident of Rome, has recently completed a group illustrative of one of the incidents of early American history, of which many have taken place during the wars with the Indians for the possession of the soil. It is entitled "The Captive's Choice."

THE will of the late ex-Senator Chaffee leaves \$500,000 to his daughter, and legacies of \$300,000 to relatives. It is likely that in the present condition of his estate, unless one of his mining properties should turn out immediately remunerative, there will be barely enough property to satisfy the bequest to his daughter.

MARIE HEILBRON, the famous European *prima donna*, who appeared in this country some ten years ago under the management of Max Strakosch, died in Nice on the 21st instant. She married a rich man, a M. de la Panouse, in 1881, and according to the cable dispatch announcing her death, she leaves behind her a fortune of \$600,000.

JEFF. DAVIS will deliver a lecture, at Montgomery, Ala., some time in April, in behalf of the monument to be erected in that city in memory of the Alabama soldiers who died in the Civil War. He will also lay the corner-stone of the monument, which will cost \$50,000, of which \$10,000, or enough to complete the pedestal, has already been raised.

MR. JOHN KELLY is said to be improving slowly but steadily. His rebellious stomach has given him less trouble than at any time during his illness, and he sleeps better than he did. He is not by any means a well man, but his physical condition is so much improved that Mrs. Kelly and their friends, who are acquainted with his condition, have great hopes of his ultimate recovery.

IN the assignment of the Major-generals, it is understood that General Schofield will be transferred to the Division of the Atlantic, with headquarters at New York; that General Terry will be assigned to the command of the Division of the Missouri, with headquarters at Chicago; and that General Howard will be given command of the Division of the Pacific, with headquarters at San Francisco.

THE refusal of Representative Curtin of Pennsylvania to accept the chairmanship of the House Committee on Banking and Currency leaves him without any committee whatever. He enjoys his freedom from committee work, he says, extravagantly. By a singular oversight, Mr. Arnot, of New York, was not assigned to any committee when the list was made up. When the Speaker's attention was called to the matter, he offered Arnot the choice of several committees, but the latter refused to accept, and now he and ex-Governor Curtin are the most envied of all the 325 members of the Lower House.

THE eighty-ninth anniversary of Emperor William's birthday was observed throughout Germany with great enthusiasm. Berlin was decorated with flags, and was illuminated in the evening. The Emperor appeared at the windows of the palace, and was received with vociferous greetings by enormous crowds. All the foreign sovereigns telegraphed their congratulations. Thousands of similar telegrams were received from all parts of the world, including one from the Pope. Knowing the Kaiser's love of flowers, many of his subjects, rich and poor, also sent bouquets. Some sent costly azaleas, camellias and baskets of fragrant roses and jasmine from the Riviera. Others sent bunches of the Emperor's favorite cornflower.



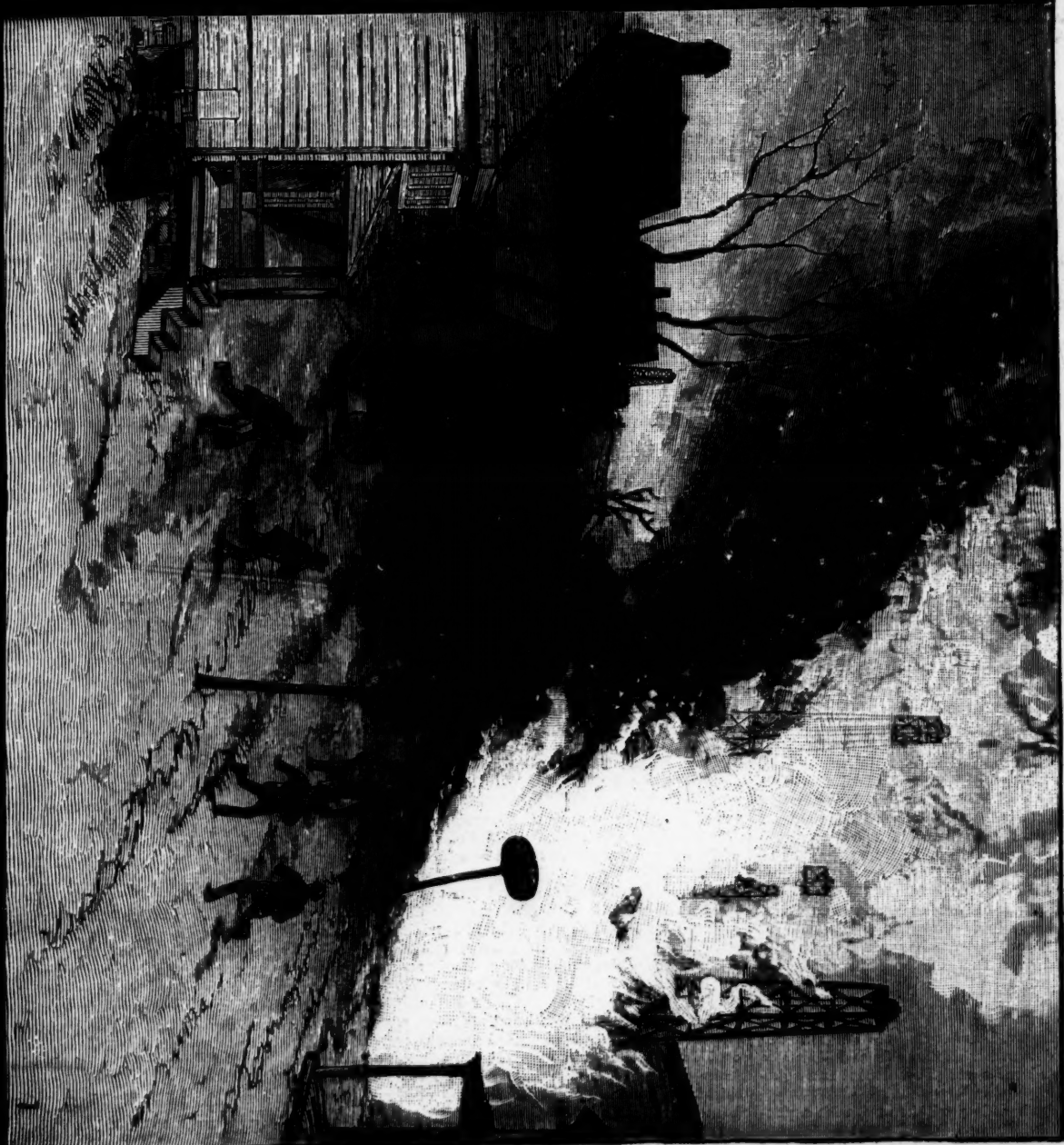


1. VIEW AT THE OUTBREAK OF THE FIRE, SHOWING SOME OF THE BUILDINGS WHICH IT DESTROYED.

PENNSYLVANIA.—THE EXPLOSION AND BURNING OF A NATURAL GAS WELL AT MURRAYSVILLE—FINAL EXTINGUISHMENT OF THE FLAMES BY THE USE OF AN IMMENSE SMOKESTACK AS A "SNUFFER."

FROM SKETCHES BY A CORRESPONDING ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 107.







## The Shadow from Varraz.

By PROF. CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

Author of "The Wages of Sin," "The Love and Loss that Jack Had," "Of Two Evils," "Red, Etc., Etc."

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED.)

THE count held a handsomely ornamented dagger in his hand, with which he toyed in a fashion far from reassuring. He would bend the flexible blade almost double, releasing it after a little and allowing it to spring back to its former shape; he would run his thumb along the razor-like edge in a very suggestive way; he waved the dangerous-looking thing, gracefully but emphatically, to give the point to his remarks, which ordinary speakers give by the use of gesture. All this he did in seeming unconsciousness of doing it at all. The whole attitude and bearing of the man, his every look and act, were terrifying in the extreme. I found myself wondering whether one's life was too much to pay for seeing the treasures of the picture-gallery in Castle Varraz; wondering whether death would be easier or happier with those deathless faces, immortal through the deft cunning of human fingers thought dust themselves in sober truth long years ago, looking down upon me; wondering whether the count would be magnanimous enough to let me see all before he thrust that sharp blade between my ribs. I never expected to recross the threshold of the suite of rooms alive; I had no hope of disarming the count of either his weapon or his purpose.

"I must see that Hans improves his memory," he said, suddenly; "I told him you were not to enter here; it is strange he forgot that."

"He didn't forget it, Count Varraz; he mentioned your command last evening."

"Ah, did he? I am glad to know that. And why, then, do I find you here?"

He was moving on as he spoke, and before I had time to answer, he passed and called my attention to some beauties in one of the pictures near us. I duly admired it, of course. Then he recurred to his former question.

"Why do I find you here?"

My very danger gave me sudden courage. The man who has hope may need prudence; the one who has only despair left may light its gloom with the fires of impudence.

"Count Varraz," I said, turning and facing him, and holding myself ready to do my manful best when he should see fit to begin the struggle, "I am an American, and as such I am in the habit of knowing no will superior to my own and no authority above my wishes—until it has been made sacred and unquestioned by the voice of a majority. We are one to one, Count Varraz, and I recognize no authority in a tie vote."

The count took a handsome silk handkerchief from his pocket, and meditatively wiped an imaginary fleck of dust from the glittering blade of his dagger.

"I fancied I had the casting of the decisive vote," he said, with a strange smile, his wicked glance resting on the weapon.

My glance followed his in spite of myself, and I knew he must have observed it. But I answered as boldly as I could under the circumstances.

"I don't admit that," I said.

"You admit the rights of property, I presume?"

"Certainly."

"And you admit that I own this picture-gallery?"

"I admit that you have it; I am not quite clear on the question of ownership."

The count laughed; and I knew that I was safe as I looked into his face.

"There were some irregularities in the methods by which a part of these things were obtained," he said, quietly; "I am ashamed, sometimes, of the actions of my ancestors. There was much of brutality in those old days; far too much rude cruelty and too little finesse and crafty deliberation. I grant you that one should have his desires, if he can, including the possession of what he may covet, but there are better ways of having one's own way than by vulgar robbery; there are keener hurts for one's enemies—or for false and untrustworthy friends, than a knife wound gives."

A cheerful thought that, coming from the man who had, as I believed, been suddenly persuaded to let me live a little longer! I made no answer.

The count changed his manner and the subject of conversation.

"Is a man at fault for loving to have his own, his exclusively? If so, I beg your pardon. Let us look further into the beauties of this place together."

We did so. The count was an excellent art critic. I learned much from him in the next hour. Suddenly we turned a corner, and I came face to face with a portrait hanging in a deep recess in the wall. I uttered a cry of mingled astonishment and admiration. There could be but one such face as that in all the world; it was the face of the only woman who had ever made my pulses beat faster than usual; the face of the woman for whom I had pledged myself to do and to dare anything and everything.

The count heard my cry; he saw my face. Into his eyes and over his lips flashed the most tender smile I had ever seen there; it was the manifestation of one of those sudden weaknesses of our better human nature to which even the most hardened and depraved are sometimes subject. He crushed it down with his firm chin and his heavy jaw; the tenderness was as evanescent as a lightning flash.

"You know her, do you?" he said, with a puzzling and terrifying quiet.

"I think so," I said, doubtfully; "I am not sure."

"I shall ask you for no particulars now. Later I shall ask you to tell me all, and you will do it."

We left the room a minute later. The door

clanged shut behind us. The look of satisfaction, devilish and crafty satisfaction, which shone in the count's eyes was horribly unnerving, to say the least.

I never entered the picture-gallery of the count again.

I dined with Count Varraz. Hans did not make his appearance. The count was pleasant and cheerful. He overflowed with remarks which were witty without being sarcastic; his conversation abounded with the pleasantest of reminiscences and the best of humor; he favored me with much of his quaint philosophy, but this time it was not awe-inspiring, and it left no dread of sudden and mysterious dangers or doubt as to possible double entendres behind it. I had never seen the count show himself to so good advantage. I had never seen him so unlike himself.

Just as the meal ended a sudden gloom seemed to settle down upon him; one would have guessed that his own philosophy had somewhere in it a bitter for himself; one would have been sure that difficulty or danger lay before him.

"I must leave home for a time, Mr. Sylvester," he said, "and there are reasons why I would be glad to have you remain an inmate of the castle. You are fully at liberty to go if you desire; you have passed through some dangers which you partly understand; through some whose existence you have never guessed; you have been in danger from my foes—and from me! I will be frank in saying that you have displeased me more than once, and deceived me repeatedly—or tried to—and the family of Varraz has always dealt rather harshly with its foes. But my doors are freely open to you. You may go in perfect safety. I shall ask you not to talk foolishly and at random of what you may have seen and heard, or of what you have guessed. I shall only ask you to be a prudent and honorable gentleman. But I hope you will stay. My house will be your home until I return; will you remain?"

"I will remain."

"Good. Give me your hand."

I extended my hand. He pressed it in a coldly nervous fashion.

"If I never come back," he said, wistfully, "open this package and read what it contains. Farewell. Remember the many maxims I've given you. Remember the truth is always to be sought, no matter how unattractive it may be. Remember that he who knows most has most power."

He made me a low bow, and rose and left the room. I took my way towards my own apartments. Looking from one of the narrow windows at the end of a long hall, I saw the count ride away on horseback.

I went to my rooms, seated myself at my table, and wrote down some points which I desired to have perfectly fresh and accurate always. I was determined I would follow this strange road into which my feet had passed, and that I would make a study of its every feature.

I had written for perhaps a quarter of an hour, when a light hand was suddenly laid upon my shoulder. I turned quickly, and sprang to my feet. The disturber of my labor held out a very pretty hand; I clasped it, glad and happy to find it substantial flesh and blood.

"I am Lady Ilga," said the woman who wrote at my table last night; "who are you?"

CHAPTER IX.—AFTERNOON WITH LADY ILGA.

"PRAY be seated, Lady Ilga," I said, with my very best bow. "I am delighted to meet you again."

"Again?" arching her pretty eyebrows, and looking very much puzzled.

"That is, I am glad to have the pleasure of knowing you."

"Thank you. I am very, very glad, too."

"I trust you are well this afternoon, Lady Ilga?"

"I hope so; I—I am not quite sure; do you think I am looking well?" A d she looked into my face with the most plaintive grace and pleading innocence in the world.

What would you have done, my cold-blooded and prudent friend? This is what I said:

"I think you are looking very charming indeed."

A shade of disappointment and displeasure passed over her face. She looked apprehensively and nervously over her shoulder.

"Please don't waste your time in useless compliments; let us take them for granted. I have not lived in this world of men and mirrors as long as I have without knowing that I am beautiful—very beautiful. So much for that. You are young and gallant, and you admire beauty; you therefore admire me. That is well. But that is enough. Don't waste your time or mine in telling me of it."

I said nothing in answer. She raised her eyes, frank and open and unabashed, to meet my gaze of bewildered surprise. I had all the delight and amazement of the naturalist who discovers a new specimen of animate life; I had all the care and prudence which the naturalist exercises that the creature he has discovered be not frightened away.

She began again, anxious for a speedy answer: "I meant my health. Do I look well? Do you think I am strong?"

I looked at her with the closest attention, a very easy thing indeed to do; I looked as critically as I could, as critically as any prejudiced partisan ever looks on the perfection he loyally follows and faithfully worships. But no one, no one with keener eyes than mine, could have seen the slightest sign of bodily infirmity or weakness about her. Her straight, lithe, supple form; her firm hands; her clear complexion; her strong and steady glance—these, and a hundred little things about her gestures and motions, spoke in unmistakable language of her strength and vigor.

"I believe you are as full of health as any one I ever saw," I said.

A strange look came into her face. If you can imagine despair and thankfulness resting on the same lips, shining together in the same eyes, stirring in the same faint sigh, you can dimly guess what I saw mirrored in her countenance.

"You—you are not a physician?" she asked, with the greatest imaginable quietness.

"No."

"Then you are not certain?"

"Not professionally so. But I will never express an opinion in any other case if I am wrong in yours."

She rose from her chair with a suddenness that startled me; she almost sprang to my side; she caught my arm roughly; her hot, panting breath swept my cheek.

"I want to live so much," she cried; "so much; so much. Not for myself. But for—for something! for some one! I can't quite remember what now. Will you help me to live? Will you watch over me? Will you guard me? Will you care for me? When there is danger will you come? Do you dare?"

"I will do as you wish," I answered.

She tottered back to the chair she had left, and sat there resting after her nervous effort.

"I suppose I ought to thank you," she said, with a kindly smile, after a little, "but it seems so natural and right that you should do me the service I desire that thanks seem out of place."

"I am glad to merit your good opinion, Lady Ilga."

"You have not told me your name yet," she said, after a pause of a moment or two.

For answer I took out my cardcase and handed her a card.

She passed her hand wearily over her forehead, and seemed to be putting forth an effort to do something which baffled her, and was beyond her powers.

She handed the card back. She looked me squarely in the face. There was neither shame nor embarrassment in her manner as she said: "Please tell me. I cannot read—to-day."

I read the name on the card, "John Adams Sylvester."

"That's a very homely name," was her frank comment; "a very homely name. Sylvester is the best part of it. May I call you Sylvester?"

"Certainly," I answered, with a smile.

"Now, Sylvester," she said, "tell me how you happen to have such an ugly name as John Adams? What person ever managed to invent so unmusical a combination as that?"

I was named after John Adams."

"John Adams?"

"Certainly. Surely you have heard of him?"

"Never. I think. Let us not talk of him any way. I came here to talk of Count Varraz."

"Well."

"Do you like him, Sylvester?"

"Not very well."

"Hate him, please! Hate him for my sake! Be his untiring and relentless enemy!" She rose from her chair again, and came near to me in her earnestness.

"Why?" I asked.

The lady's hand went to her head with the same weary motion I had seen before.

"I don't quite know why," she said, slowly, "but I know there is a reason. When I think of it I will come and tell you what it is. I shall remember it some time. I lie awake every night for many hours trying to think why I hate him and fear him and despise him. But never fear; I shall know the truth some time. When that time comes, let this fiend beware."

She struck the table with her clinched hand so hard a blow that she shrank from the pain it gave her.

"What is Count Varraz to you?" I asked.

She came still nearer; she bent over me; she spoke in a whisper:

"He is my brother; my brother; tell me what you think of that," she said.

"I think it wonderful that you regard him as you do," I replied; "I should expect you would think him good and wise."

"Think him a saint?" she added, in a whisper.

"Possibly," I said, laughingly; "there are sisters who think that of their brothers, you know."

"I did once. And there are many who think so still. Perhaps you do?" with a sudden frightened suspicion in her eyes.

I hastened to reassure her regarding that point. She showed the relief she felt by the change of expression upon her mobile face.

"I thought I could trust you," she said, with the most childish simplicity; "I dreamed of needing you once. And, in my dream, there was no doubt of your coming."

"Tell me of your dream," I said, strangely interested in what she might have to say.

She told me. I have not the time nor space to tell all she said. Her description of my boyhood home was perfect. She told where she had stood and what she had said. Beyond a doubt, her dream—lived in Germany by the Rhine—was the other half of the one which had fallen upon my slumbering hours in the land beyond the Atlantic.

I have no explanation to offer. I have no theory to propound. I simply make record of the facts, and offer this feature of the history of my life to the curious and thoughtful as one of the most interesting of the many problems with which it abounds.

"Is there nothing more?" I asked, when she had finished.

"I think so," she said; "but I am not certain. That of which I have told you was only a dream; but I think there was another instance in which in very truth I needed you, and in which you came to give the help for which I hoped. But—I am not sure. I am too tired—too tired—I cannot remember."

Wisely or foolishly, kindly or cruelly, I held my

peace regarding the tragedy in the wood. And I felt it better to slightly change the subject.

"You failed to keep your appointment this morning, did you not?" I asked.

"No, sir, I did not. Circumstances made it impossible to carry out the programme I had made up. I was in the picture-gallery; you were there, but—"

"But Count Varraz was there, too? Is that it?"

"That is it exactly. He was in a furious rage, too. I almost fancied I should have to find a new friend."

"A new friend?"

"Yes, another than yourself."

"Because—"

"Because you wouldn't be available if you were dead."

And she looked laughingly and frankly into my eyes.

"You wrote me the letter I found?"

"Certainly."

"But you said a little while ago that you could not read?"

"I said that I couldn't read; but I qualified it by saying that I couldn't read to-day, didn't I?"

"Yes, I think you did say that."

"I know I did. To-day I cannot read nor write a word. Yesterday I could do both. Tomorrow I may not be able to talk, even. It's strange, isn't it?"

"Strange!" I cried; "it's incomprehensible; it's marvelous beyond belief!"

"I asked you this morning what you thought of me," she said, a cadence in her voice of such despairing mournfulness as I never heard from other lips, and as I pray God may never fall upon any other ears; "I asked you the question that haunts me night and day. If I live; if I keep my health; if I try and try and try, there will come to me, some time, like a flood in the Spring, the broken and distorted memories of the broken life which is mine to-day. I shall know everything then which will help me to see that crime is punished."

She paused a moment, then added in one fierce sentence, which almost rose into a despairing shriek:

"But now—now I know that my mind is wrecked, and that even the feeble powers which remain are irregular and intermittent."

She fell into her chair and buried her face in her hands.

"Mad?" I gasped, in consternation.

She raised her beautiful eyes, wet with tears, and looked at me.

"Perhaps so," she answered; "and perhaps—worse!"

"But madmen seldom or never realize their condition."

"One reason for its being worse in my case than ordinary madness would be," she replied.

There was silence then for a time.

"You wonder how I came in?" she asked.

"I hadn't found time for that."

"Let me show you."

"If you please."

It was very simple, only one of those sliding panels which ancient builders delighted in, and which have been used so much more in modern literature, even, than they ever were in medieval architecture, that I wouldn't mention it were it not that a plain record of facts must be full and complete, though some things not now come into it. I resolved then—a resolve that I carried out when Lady Ilga had taken her departure, later—that I'd so place a thin wedge of oak as to make any future use of that particular panel an impossibility during my occupancy of the room to which it gave admission.

We took our seats again after she had showed me the secret panel and the way in which it worked.

"Now, Lady Ilga," I said, my whole manner full of the keen pity I felt for the unfortunate woman near me, "please tell me as much as you can about yourself, your family, and the count."

"I will. Let me think. Where shall I begin? I—I am not quite clear about it now."

She raised her hand to her head again, and a look came into her eyes which had not been there before. The beauty before me did not lessen. The same sweetness lay on cheeks and lips. But up into the eyes blazed a fire which, once kindled, burns out the brain and the soul. A beautiful animal in human form, an animal with a face to fascinate, attract and beguile, sat opposite me; but the woman was slowly, helplessly, hopelessly, going—going—going!

"Can you tell me how long you have suffered thus? How long since mind and memory broke under some over-erue strain?"

She turned her helpless, appealing glance towards me.

"I—I do not understand you," she said.

"How long—" I began.

Intelligence flashed from beneath her bended brows for a moment—intelligence wavering and faltering like the dying effort of a candle-flame in a storm.

"How long?" she screamed, raising her hands high above her head—"how long?" then, letting them fall helplessly at her side, she finished—finished in a whisper so wild and unearthly that my heart almost stood still as I listened: "How long? Oh, merciful God! how long? I think it must be a—thousand—million—centuries—and—"

It was the end; whatever fate might have for her in the future, for the present it was the horrible and seemingly hopeless end.

A woman dying from out this dear old world, a woman in her springtime of loveliness, is a sad enough event. But to go like this, it was horrible. Going, out from the world of reason and knowledge; going, away from friendship and love; going, Heaven help her, from the duties undone and the wrongs unavenged; going, going—God help an! keep her—gone!

The foam of madness flicked her cheeks. Her



language was a meaningless jargon. The awful laugh that has no merriment in it rang from her throat. She rushed across the room. She tore open the sliding panel. She sprang through the opening. I could hear her stumbling and tripping as she recklessly ran down the stairs in the deep darkness, and her hoarse laugh and mad words came up to me, fainter and fainter, and died out in silence.

I shut and fastened the panel, and found a chair and sat down.

"If Count Varrax is responsible for the ruin of this woman's life," I said, "I swear he shall pay for his deeds the most fearful price one can imagine!"

There was a knock at my door. I composed my countenance as well as I could. I answered the summons. My visitor was Hans.

(To be continued.)

#### NEW YORK MERCANTILE EXCHANGE.

IT is within the memory of many men who are still in the prime of life that nearly all the great commercial interests of the city were bounded on the north by Canal Street and on the west by Broadway. Within these boundaries were almost wholly confined the leading houses in every branch of trade. But the rapid growth of the railroad system changed all this, and when several of the great trunk lines made the Jersey shore of the North River their eastern terminus the great commercial houses of the city began to drift steadily towards that portion of the metropolis lying west of Broadway. The drygoods trade was the first to acknowledge the turn in the tide, and was soon followed by the wholesale grocery houses, and kindred branches of business.

One of the epochs which marked this growing importance of the western section attracted but little attention at the time, but its results are now plainly manifest. In 1873 a comparatively small number of dealers in dairy products, doing business on the West Side, realizing the benefits accruing from organized and harmonious action, associated themselves in a body, which took the name of the Butter and Cheese Exchange, and elected Walter S. Fairfield its President.

The many advantages possessed by the organization through the broad and liberal charter which had been granted it developed a feeling amongst the members that full advantage should be taken of the opportunities within their grasp. This sentiment culminated in the election of James H. Seymour as president in January, 1882, and the adoption, in the following June, of the present title—that of The New York Mercantile Exchange. In the same year active steps were taken to secure a suitable location for the erection of a new building, which the increasing membership and the enlarged scope of the organization imperatively demanded. A site at the corner of Hudson and Harrison Streets, belonging to the Trinity Corporation, was finally decided upon, and negotiations for its purchase were begun. Through the efforts of Treasurer W. H. B. Totten, W. H. Duckworth, John Castree and B. F. Van Valkenburgh, the bargain was finally closed, and in August, 1882, Washington Winsor, being then president, the property was transferred to the Exchange. A Building Committee, consisting of W. H. Duckworth, H. K. Thurber, Washington Winsor, B. F. Van Valkenburgh and W. H. B. Totten, was appointed in September, 1883, and in December, 1884, the corner-stone of the present handsome edifice was laid by George B. Douglas, who was at that time President. In January, 1885, Rufus L. Cole was elected president, and during his term of office the work on the building was so vigorously prosecuted, that at the close of his administration, in January last, the structure was practically completed. Mr. Cole was succeeded by Mr. Benjamin Urner, the present executive, who is indefatigable and watchful in everything that concerns the prosperity and welfare of the organization which he represents.

The new Exchange building, which is now ready for occupancy, and will be dedicated to its projected purposes with appropriate ceremonies on Wednesday, April 7th, is a massive and slightly structure. It rises five stories above the ground, the story appropriated to the use of the Exchange being a double one. A tower twenty-five feet square is erected at its western extremity to a height of 150 feet above the sidewalk. At the base of the tower is the entrance-hall, led into from the street by a handsome portico with polished granite columns. The first story of the building, constructed of iron columns and solid granite piers, rests upon massive foundations of brickwork built up from the underlying rock. Above the first story the fronts of the building are of Philadelphia-face brick, while the cornices, window-sills and other trimmings are of granite. The walls are of extreme solidity from foundation to roof; yet, despite the massiveness of the building, the high and wide windows with their springing arches lend it such an air of well-proportioned gracefulness as to completely satisfy the eye of the most critical. Passing through a handsome hall-way, paved with encaustic tiles, from the entrance in Harrison Street, and mounting a broad and easy staircase, with brazen balustrades and marble wainscoting, the Exchange Room is reached. This is an elegantly finished hall seventy feet square and thirty feet high, lighted upon two sides by wide and lofty windows; on its arrangements to facilitate the transacting of business nothing has been omitted. Here are telephone, telegraph, stock indicators, and messenger service, ample sample-tables, portable blackboards, "call" desk; in short everything that is required in a well-regulated Exchange. Upon the same floor are the offices of the president, executive committee, and employees of the Exchange; also a library and reading-room, all fitted up and finished in the latest and most approved manner.

Once more ascending by means of a staircase similar in its elegance and elaborateness of detail to the one leading from the first floor, the third story is reached. This, as well as the two upper stories, which are exactly like it in every respect, is designed for office purposes. The cabinet-work is of cherry, oil-finished and polished, and was done by V. J. Hedden & Sons, of Newark, N. J.

The offices are of various sizes, ranging from 10 x 22 to 24 x 32 feet, and one of the finest is occupied by The Eureka Salt Manufacturing Company, Limited. The building is fireproof throughout, and is heated by steam supplied by boilers in the basement, in which is also located the engine which furnishes the propulsive power for two hydraulic passenger elevators of the very latest construction, which run from the first to the fifth floor, at a speed of 250 feet a minute.

When the visitor gazes at this stupendous and

costly building, so complete in every detail, he finds it hard to realize the fact that the organization to which it owes its erection is of such recent origin. It is the baby in the family of Exchanges, yet it is fast overhauling its most ancient predecessors. With a present membership of 800, which is constantly increasing, no limit can be placed upon its future. Undoubtedly the chief reason for its phenomenal success is its comprehensive and liberal charter. By the terms of the latter, a hundred branches of trade, totally dissimilar in character, can find a home within its walls. Already a movement, successfully begun a few months ago, to bring upon the floor of the Exchange the members of the grocery trade of the city, is rapidly approaching fruition, and ultimate success seems assured. Other branches of trade will follow, and to not over-sanguine minds the time appears not far distant when members of the drygoods, boot and shoe, drug, and other lines of trade, will daily meet upon the floor of this commercial temple for the purpose of consummating their transactions. In fact, the organization is exactly what its name purports—a Mercantile Exchange.

#### A NATURAL GAS CONFLAGRATION.

THE perils of that phenomenal supply of natural gas which is now systematically utilized in districts of Western Pennsylvania were illustrated, recently, by a catastrophe which resulted in the loss of four lives, and threatened an entire village with destruction. The place was Murrysburg, a post-village of Westmoreland County, Pa., situated eighteen miles east of Pittsburgh, and having a population of about 600 persons. This hamlet is one of the homes of the natural gas. Five gushing wells pour their gas into the mains of the Chartiers Company, of Philadelphia, supplying with light and fuel not only Murrysburg, but a large part of the City of Pittsburgh as well.

On Friday, the 19th inst., a leak in the main, at Murrysburg, caused the escape of large volumes of gas, which filled the air and the houses in the vicinity. Before the break could be repaired, the gas caught fire from a grate in the house of Mrs. Henry Taylor, and an explosion followed. Mrs. Taylor, her three children, her father-in-law, and a young lady visitor named Miss Cally Lacock, were in the house at the time, and all were terribly burned. Miss Lacock and the three children died within twenty-four hours after the explosion. The house was burned, and six other buildings with it. Efforts to shut off the gas were unsuccessful. One of the wells—the McWilliams—caught fire, and the flames shot upwards from the great pipe to a height of 150 feet, with a roar that was heard miles away. So overpowering was the sound, that three hundred feet away it was impossible for any one to distinguish the voice of another, no matter how vehemently used. The conflagration thus begun raged three days and nights before it was finally subdued.

An alarm was sent to Pittsburgh, and on the morning of the 20th inst. the Philadelphia company sent a large detachment of men to fight the flames. The whole town was menaced, and a panic prevailed. The inhabitants were driven from their houses by the heat, while the air was stifling with gas. A two-story frame house was torn down to prevent the further spread of the flames, and two derricks over wells were sacrificed to the same end. At midnight, the gas-fire, while held within bounds through the efforts of over 800 workmen, burned more fiercely than ever. There were three breaks in the 16-inch main, from which the flames, leaping high into the air, illuminated the country for miles around. It was estimated that 500,000 cubic feet of gas were burning every hour. Thousands of people flocked into the town to witness the spectacle.

On the morning of Sunday, the 21st, a detachment of Battery B arrived from Pittsburgh with a cannon, it having been proposed to shoot off the gas escape-pipe below the flame, in the hope of cutting off the latter. But, before this could be tried, another plan was adopted, which eventually proved successful. It was determined to snuff out the fire. A great trench was first dug to the red-hot pipe, the men working under shelter of a fire-proof shield, and with wet cloths on their hands and faces. The pipe was chiseled and broken off beneath the surface, and below the connection with the horizontal conduit. That stopped the flow into the latter, and extinguished two great volumes of flame rising from breaks in the conduit fifty and seventy feet away; but the blaze from the top of the stand-pipe was drawn down to the breaking point of the latter, and there burned with redoubled pressure. All the afternoon, till dark, unsuccessful efforts were made to "snuff" this gigantic candle by means of immense iron caps. The pressure was so great that it tossed tons of iron pipes away as soon as their cap-end came over the escaping gas. An eye-witness thus describes the scene: "A pressure that would toss a 1,600-pound auger-stem as if it were a twig; a roar like the continuation of the deepest thunder, that shakes houses and windows and ground like an earthquake; four other gushers roaring away within four hundred feet, and liable to be lighted at any moment; and, to crown this matchless combination, a March whirlwind, that twisted down and carried away three great firm derricks, have inspired with awe the beholders of the newly displayed power of natural gas."

On Monday morning a huge smokestack, employed on the principle of the old-fashioned candle-extinguisher, was pushed towards the mouth of the well, and by means of improvised derricks the end away from the fire was gradually raised, bringing the mouth over the volume of flame. When the stack was raised to an angle of about forty-five degrees, there was a sudden puff. A fierce current of gas rushed with a roar through the pipe, driving the flame high above the upper end, there to die, the connection being broken. The conflagration had been snuffed out.

#### A GREAT FLOWER-SHOW.

MR. C. F. KLUNDER'S flower-show, which opened on Wednesday afternoon of last week, and closed late on Saturday night, far eclipsed previous exhibitions of that kind in magnitude, splendor, and general success. The Metropolitan Opera House was chosen for the display, and its spacious interior was transformed temporarily into a temple to the Goddess of Flowers. Over 700 varieties of flowering plants and trees, representing a money value of \$150,000, were collected there. Auditorium, stage, lobbies and staircases, were filled to overflowing with foliage, odor and bloom. The arrangement of these delicate and luxurious floral treasures was dictated by artistic effect rather than by scientific classification. Spring and Summer gardens, with plots of velvety grass, borders of white narcissi, and

brilliant beds of hyacinths and tulips, were laid out in the lobbies. Laurel, arbor vitae, and Spanish moss, covered walls, wainscoting and entrances. The auditorium was one rich mass of foliage and flowers, producing the effect of a luxuriant tropical landscape. Tall, fronded and blossoming palm-trees, and a landscape set on the wide stage, emphasized this impression. The proscenium frame was marked by a horticultural arch, and the fronts of the box-tiers and galleries were trimmed with flowers. Rich, bright rugs, vases, tables, and pyramids covered with cut flowers, were profusely scattered about. The stage was occupied by a magnificent bronze fountain (brought from Paris expressly for the occasion) rising out of a bed of lilies. The electric illumination of this fountain, ingeniously devised by the Bell Illuminating Company, produced an indescribably brilliant effect. A network intertwined with electric wires, furnished with hundreds of miniature incandescent burners, was stretched over the lilies, in the midst of the silvery spray-clouds. The effect, at evening, of the flowers, falling waters, and dazzling light, elicited continuous exclamations of amazement and delight. The boxes were filled with fashionable spectators, as on an opera night; while the music of Walter Damrosch's orchestra, borne voluptuously on the perfume-laden air, perfected the illusion of an Oriental flower-festival seen in a dream.

#### EGYPT STILL PLAGUED WITH FLIES.

A CAIRO correspondent writes: "The flies are still one of the plagues of Egypt, as in the days of Moses. Like the feminine caller in New England villages, they bring their work and stay all the afternoon. Their adhesive qualities are greater than those of patent cement. They make your acquaintance, and, like Mrs. Micawber, they never, never forsake you. I have had one of these pertinacious flies make my acquaintance in one quarter of the city and follow me unflinchingly through dark and winding ways to an entirely opposite quarter. Nothing could detach him from my person—not the crowds through which I passed, the camels which brushed against me, not winding alleys, low and gloomy gateways, the odors of the market-place, not any amount of futile blows with the cane nor any wealth of American expulsive. He remained, penetrating into my ears, sitting triumphantly on my nose, and constantly finding new and unexpected points of attack, until he was tired out and left of his own accord. And yet it is a small and insignificant-looking insect. A dozen of them would scarcely make one ordinary-sized blue-bottle. Still, it is a recognized terror, unpleasant to the well and a terror to those—especially infants—having the ophthalmia. An instrument, called by the French a *chasse-mouche*, or fly-chaser, is made and sold for putting it to flight, or for its possible extermination. This is a small handle, to which are attached long filaments of cane, palm reed or horsehair, after the manner of an extremely slender and delicate broom or whip. The demand for this implement is general, and in the effort to supply it some pretty and cheap specimens are produced. The handsomest are those from Assiout, which have elegant ivory handles, and are at once durable and ornamental. Every one walks about Cairo armed with his *chasse-mouche*, whipping right and left. On horseback they are really necessary, and as when so used they are conspicuous, an official on parade-days will carry one corresponding with his fine dress and equipments."

#### FACTS OF INTEREST.

TWENTY THOUSAND tourists visited California during the last winter.

THE emigration from Ireland for the year 1885 was 62,420, against 76,043 during the year previous.

THE Chinese claims for indemnity for losses to their people at the Rock Springs massacre, in Wyoming Territory, last September, foot up over \$147,000.

PHILADELPHIA has eight female physicians whose practice is reported to reach \$20,000 a year for each, while twelve others have incomes of \$10,000, and there are twenty-two who earn over \$5,000 a year.

A POSTAL clerk stated in a recent lecture that, to test the powers of the postal service, a letter was directed, "32 Lactal Fluid Street, the Hub of the Universe, Old Bay State." The letter arrived safely at its destination.

THE exodus of Jews from Russian Poland has attained extraordinary figures. The statistics show that during the year 1885 no less than 20,150 left the country for America, to say nothing of those who emigrated elsewhere.

At the Rhode Island State election, that will occur on the 7th of April, the people will be asked to vote on two amendments, one to allow soldiers and sailors of foreign birth who served in the late war to vote without property qualification, and the other prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in the State.

THE fruit production of California is something wonderful. During 1885 she produced in raisins over 9,000,000 pounds, or nearly three times as much as in 1884. She also sent to market last year 1,500,000 pounds of prunes, 1,825,000 pounds of apples, 1,900,000 of peaches, 1,139,000 pounds of plums, 650,000 pounds of apricots, 2,250,000 pounds of honey, 1,250,000 pounds of walnuts, and 1,050,000 pounds of almonds.

THE Knights of Labor propose to establish a community farm in the Northwest. There are in the United States many thriving settlements which are conducted on the community plan, but in almost every instance the members are bound together by religious as well as by property bonds. It remains to be seen whether the Knights, on their 600-acre farm in Minnesota, will be able to work harmoniously together for any considerable time while subordinating individual advantage to the general good.

ELEVEN steamboats and one sailing-vessel are now plying upon the great lakes and rivers of the interior of Central Africa. A missionary steamer launched last Summer on Lake Nyassa is manned, from engineer to cook, by a crew of native Africans, who were taken to England to learn their duties. By means of this little craft and its predecessor, the *Italia*, regular communication is maintained among the mission stations along Nyassa's seven hundred miles of coast. In another steamer named *Peace*, which 800 blacks carried on their heads to Stanley Pool two years ago, the missionary Grenfell traveled last year about 5,000 miles, making many interesting discoveries.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE Dominion budget for 1886 shows a retrenchment of \$10,000,000.

A BRITISH justice has decided that a divorce obtained in America is invalid in England.

THE Chinese are taking advantage of the low railroad rates, and are coming East from San Francisco in large numbers.

THE German Government has decided to resume shortly the sale of superfluous silver and abandon any possibility of returning to bimetalism.

ACTIVE preparations are making for the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the settlement of Springfield, Mass., which occurs on May 25th and 26th next.

A DECISION of the Secretary of the Interior restores to the public domain 2,451,200 acres of land in California, claimed by the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad.

THE suit to test the validity of the Bell telephone patent was commenced last week in the United States Court, Columbus, O. The defendants are cited to answer by May 1st.

GOVERNOR HILL of New York has made a practical contribution towards the solution of the woman's rights question by appointing seven women as notaries public in four counties of the State.

THE Synod of the Church of Ireland, representing 600,000 churchmen, last week adopted resolutions declaring their loyalty to the British crown and to the union between Ireland and Great Britain.

THE side-wheel steamship *Rapidan*, which sailed from New York for Port Limon, Costa Rica, on February 2d, is supposed to have been lost, never having been heard from. Twenty-four persons were on board, one of whom, Señor de Soto Gonzalez, a wealthy Costa Rican, was a passenger.

A TOUCHING incident of the birthday celebration of Emperor William of Germany, last week, was a pilgrimage of the Imperial family to a little oak cradle in which the future Emperor lay, just eighty-nine years ago. It is still as good as new, and lately did service for the Kaiser's great-grandchildren, the sons of Prince William.

GREAT rivalry as to speed exists among the sailing-ships that annually take grain and flour to England from Oregon and California. The distance is 18,000 miles, and three crack ships competed this year, the winner, the *Lucknow*, making the voyage to Southampton in 100 days, and the second best reaching Queenstown in 116 days.

THERE are now pending before a single committee of the House of Representatives over 1,500 private claims, other than war claims, of which there are many thousands. In a late report the committee says that according to the rate at which these Bills have been disposed of in the past it will take fifty years to get rid of those now before Congress.

IN reply to a question in the British House of Commons, last week, as to whether the Cunard steamship *Oregon* had, at the time she sunk, a sufficient supply of lifeboats, Mr. Mundella, President of the Board of Trade, said that she had 873 passengers and boats capable of carrying 265. The *Oregon's* boat accommodations were largely in excess of the statutory requirements, and he added that no ship carried boats sufficient to accommodate all the passengers.

IN a message to the New York Legislature approving the Bill providing for the sale at public auction of the privilege of using streets for railways, Governor Hill characterizes in very plain and vigorous language the action of the "local authorities" of New York city, which shows the necessity for such a provision. As to the Broadway franchise, he holds that it should be at once annulled. "The interests of public morality," he says, "require that the holders of the booty, whether at first or second hand, should not be allowed to carry it off triumphantly."

AMERICAN ladies seem to have carried off the honors at Queen Victoria's drawin'-room at Buckingham Palace, last week. Many of them vied with each other in the beauty of their toilets and the splendor of their jewels; but the blaze of Mrs. John W. Mackay's gems was dazzling beyond description. Among the most conspicuous of her adornments were a *richiee* of diamonds, pendants of diamonds and sapphires, a coronet of sapphires and diamonds, and four strings of pearls. Nothing to equal Mrs. Mackay's display of rare and costly jewels has been witnessed of any court since the reign of the Empress Eugénie at the Tuilleries.

THE President, last week, sent to Congress the third Annual Report of the Civil Service Commission. Commenting upon the results of this scheme of reform he says: "Wherever this reform has gained a foothold it has steadily advanced in the esteem of those charged with public administrative duties, while the people who desire good government have constantly been confirmed in their high estimate of its value and efficiency. With the benefits it has already secured to the public service plainly apparent, and with its promise of increased usefulness easily appreciated, this cause is commended to the liberal care and jealous protection of the Congress."

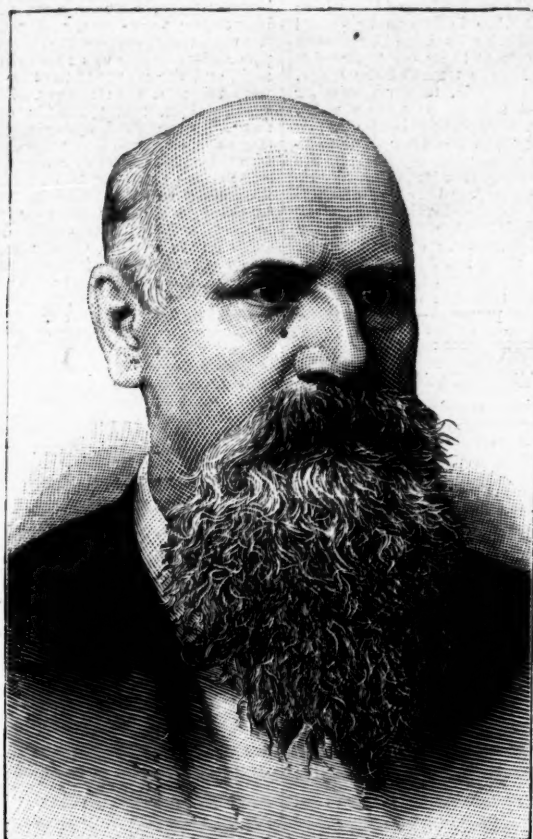
A REMARKABLE duel was fought on the field of Waterloo, one day last week, the contestants being Mme. Valsayre, a native of France, and Miss Shelby, an American. The duel was the result of a dispute on the relative merits of French and American female doctors. After a stormy altercation between the disputants, Mme. Valsayre threw her glove in Miss Shelby's face, and a duel was forthwith arranged. The weapons were swords. Miss Shelby was slightly wounded on one arm. The four seconds were Americans. The latter expressed themselves as satisfied that the duel had been conducted fairly and that France's honor had been avenged.

THE Riel debate in the Dominion House of Commons ended, last week, in a victory for the Government, the resolution censuring it for the execution of Riel being rejected by a vote of 146 to 52. The attack on the Government was a fierce and determined one. Every influence was used that could be availed of to intensify the race enmity which was at the bottom of the movement. The most sweeping and extravagant statements were made by some of the defenders of Riel, and principles were advocated the adoption of which would have been as disastrous to the Opposition as to the Government. The triumph of the latter has given great satisfaction to the friends of order.





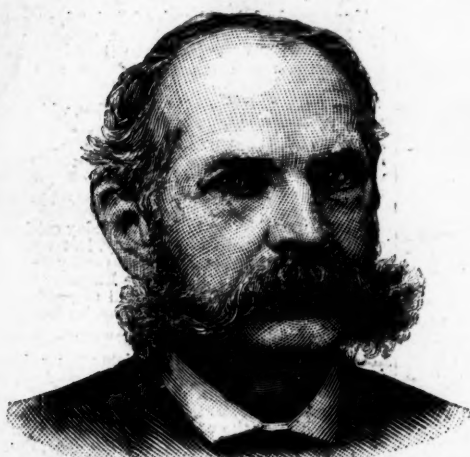
B. F. VAN VALKENBURGH.  
PHOTO. BY HALL.



BENJAMIN URNER, PRESIDENT.  
PHOTO. BY KURTZ.



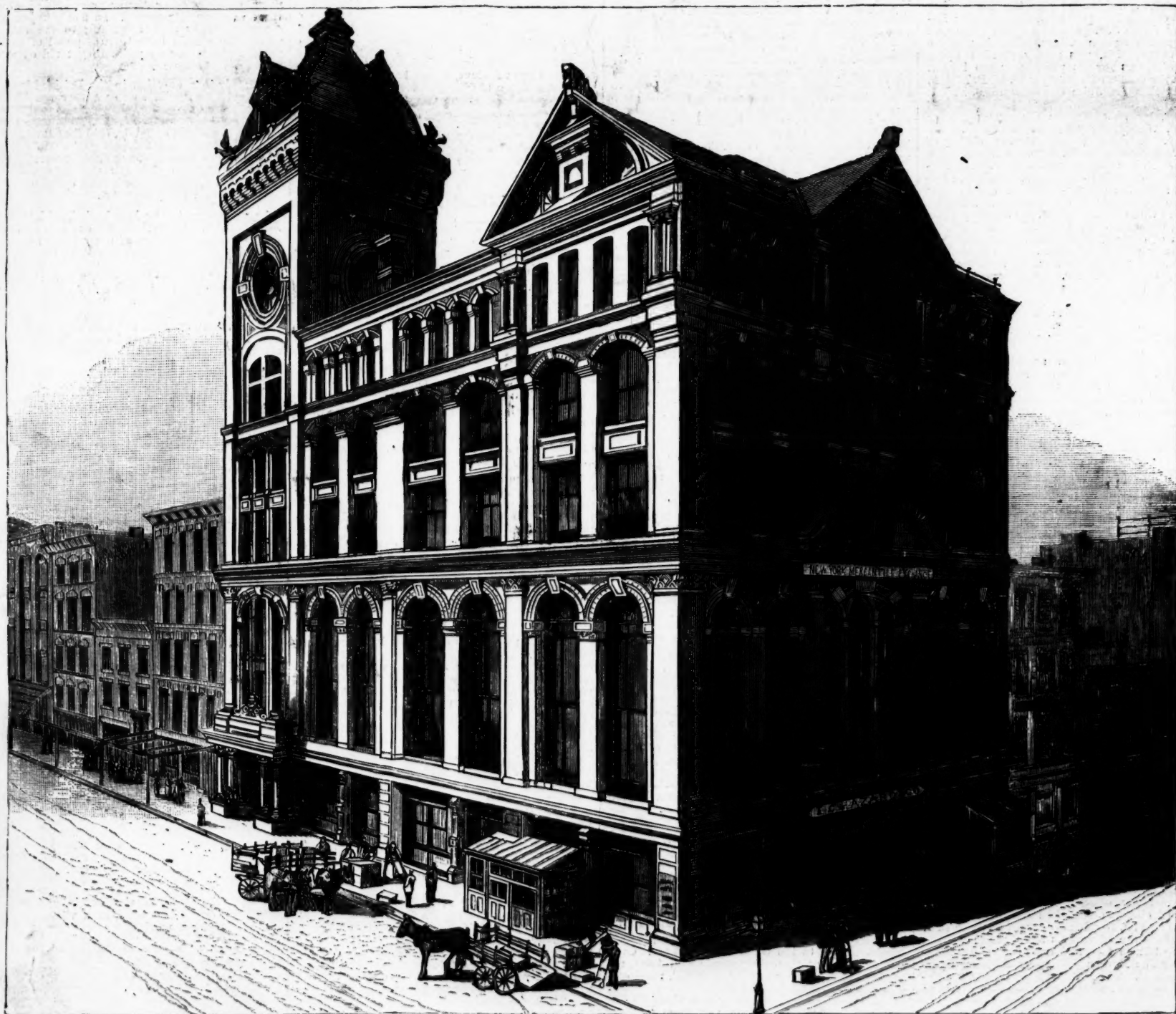
W. H. DUCKWORTH, CHAIRMAN BUILDING COMMITTEE.  
PHOTO. BY DANA.



W. H. B. TOTTEN.  
PHOTOGRAPH BY HUNTER.



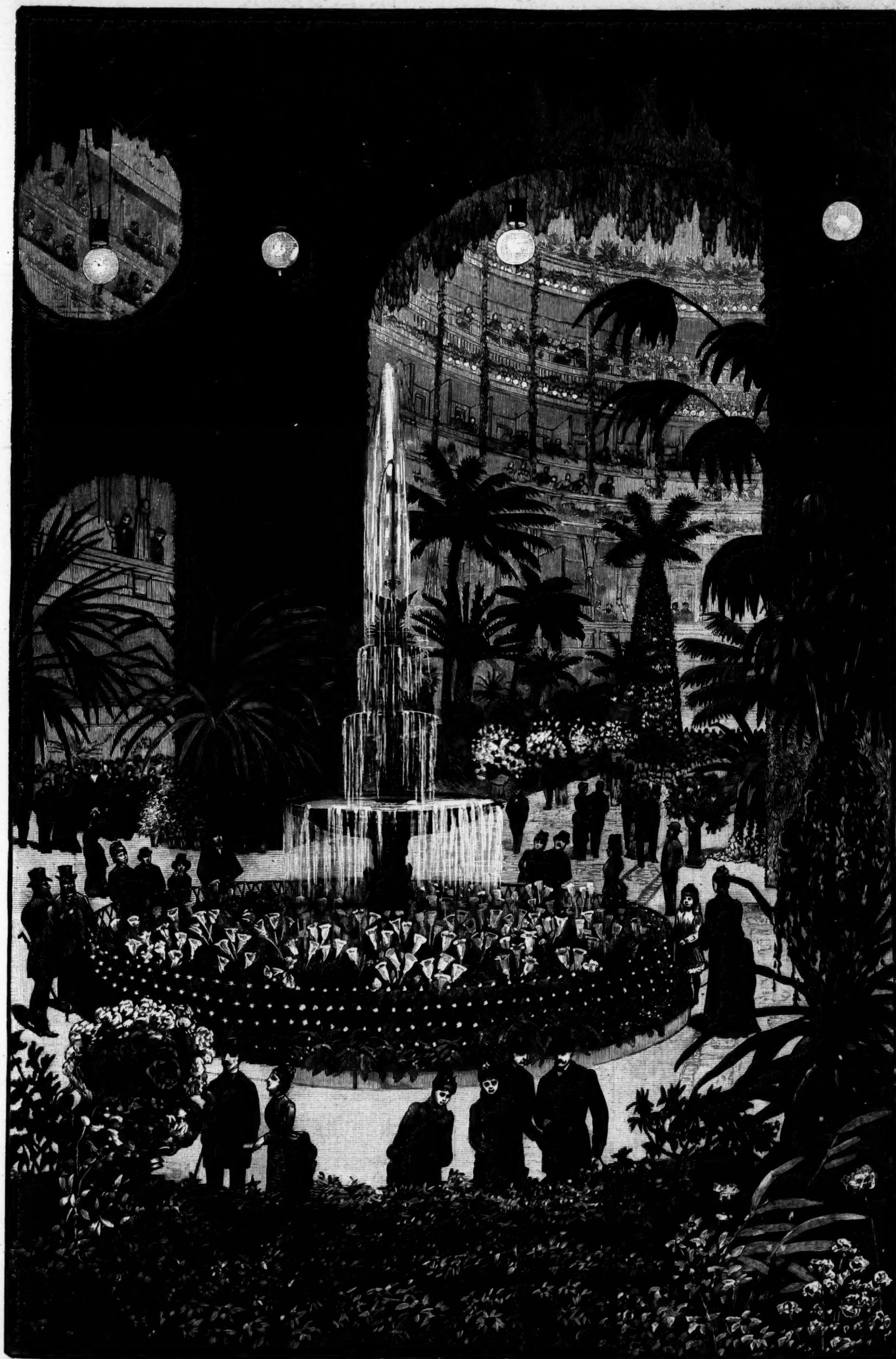
H. K. THURBER.  
PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDERICKS.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE NEW BUILDING OF THE MERCANTILE EXCHANGE, CORNER OF HUDSON AND HARRISON STREETS.  
WITH PORTRAITS OF MANAGERS OF THE EXCHANGE.

FROM SKETCHES AND PHOTOS.—SEE PAGE 107.





NEW YORK CITY.—FLORAL AND HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, MARCH 24TH-27TH.  
VIEW OF THE FOUNTAIN.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 107.



## FLORIDA TEMPERATURE.

A RECENT correspondent of the Boston Transcript gives some fresh facts concerning Florida temperature. "About the winter climate," he says, "many false statements are made. It is frequently said that the glass very rarely goes below 40° in winter. During the present winter, from the 25th of November up to this date, my thermometer has shown a lower temperature than 40° eighteen times, and has been below 35° eleven times. Why it is that so many fear to have it known that Florida is liable to frost, I cannot imagine. A light frost does much more good than harm, and if it was generally known that a winter without frost was exceptional, every one would be prepared for the cold weather when it came. A gentleman living near here was told last Spring, when he built his house, that fires were only used for cooking purposes; so he had no means of heating any part of his house excepting the kitchen. During the cold weather he has used rather strong language about the person who gave him his information. Houses in Florida should be as well built as at the North. Thick walls and double floors will keep out the intense heat in the summer and the cold in the winter. Thick winter clothing is needed as much as at the North; some years only for a few days. Those who have spent several years here, and have become acclimated, feel the cold nearly as much when the mercury is down to 30° as they did at the North with the glass down to zero.

"The losses to orange and vegetable growers have been very great this winter. Many had been borrowing money at a high rate of interest, hoping to pay when their crops were gathered, and the intense cold has ruined their prospects for the season. Many are preparing their spring gardens now, and we all trust that there will be nothing further to discourage us this year."

ONE of the interesting books of the week is "The Vanderbilts, and the Story of their Fortune," by W. A. Croffut. It is a volume of 340 pages, abundantly illustrated, and the cover is a picture in black-and-gold. The book contains thirty chapters, ten of which concern the old Commodore, and his ancestors and remarkable career, and the rest William H. and his descendants. Incidentally the author has treated of the relations of capital and labor, and of the influence of great wealth on a community, and has considered the questions "whether a man can honestly earn a million dollars," and whether vast accumulations of money are beneficial to the human race. It makes a handsome and entertaining book.

## CAPITAL HINTS ON HOW TO WASH AND SALT BUTTER.

FROM A LECTURE DELIVERED BY COL. T. D. CURTIS BEFORE THE N. W. DAIRYMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

FORMERLY the butter was gathered into a solid mass in the churn, and then taken out and worked and washed until the buttermilk was supposed to be all out. In some cases, however, there was no washing, and even now butter is made for immediate consumption by retaining enough buttermilk in it to give it a new-buttermilk flavor. But the latter and better practice is to stop the churn when the butter is in small granules of the size of mustard-seed or wheat-kernels. Cold water is added to reduce the temperature to 55 or 60 degrees. A little salt is thrown into the churn, and the buttermilk, after a little agitation, is drawn off. Then cold water is added, the churn slightly agitated, and the water drawn off. Many now wash the butter, in the same way, with brine. Salt coagulates the albumen. This coagulum is soluble in water. Therefore, when the brine is drawn off, water is again used to wash the butter. The coagulum is dissolved and carried off by the water. This kind of washing should be repeated until the water runs clear. Some have argued against washing, on the score that it takes out the sugar; and some even go so far as to put sugar into their butter with the salt. This is a great mistake. It is desirable to get all the sugar out, and to keep it out, as it soon decomposes if left in, and throws the butter off flavor.

## SALTING AND WORKING.

With butter in the granular form, salting and working are easily done. Let the water thoroughly drain off, keeping the temperature of the butter down to 55 degrees or below, then sprinkle on the salt and carefully stir it in. In small batches it may be done by agitating the churn. If the batch is large, it may be taken out and placed on a butter-table. Then the salt can be sprinkled on and carefully stirred in with a common hay-rake. If the salt is right, it will soon dissolve and cover every particle with a sparkling brine. It is then as evenly salted as it is possible to get it. No working is required. The mass may be carefully pressed together in a solid form, or it may be put directly into the tub and pressed together there, as it is packed, but none but the purest salt should be used. It should be fine and even-grained, but not dust, nor have salt-dust mixed with it. It should readily and rapidly dissolve, and, being even-grained, it will all be dissolved at the same time, and secure an even salting of the batch. All coarse, hard-grained, uneven-grained and slow-dissolving salt should be avoided. Common barrel salt is abominable. No intelligent dairyman will take the risk of using it. All the cheap salts are unreliable. Use HIGGINS' EUREKA SALT, which I consider the best. It will not cost over a mill a pound to salt butter with it, and the chances are that it will add one to two cents a pound to the market price of the butter.

## FUN.

THE peach crop fails in February and ripens in August.

MEN who are fast do not keep fast on the regular fast days.

IN CANADA.—Fair American: "Oh, we are perfectly delighted with the country! and as for Mr. A—, I don't think anything would tempt him to go back to the States." Blundering Canadian: "Indeed? And—er—I beg your pardon, but was it a bank or only an ordinary business-house with which your husband was connected?"

## OVERWORKED BUSINESS MEN.

AS a restorer of exhausted nerve force, it has been largely shown, during the past thirteen years, that the Compound Treatment of Drs. STARKY & PALEN, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., is the most prompt and efficient agent yet discovered. Its use by overworked business and professional men would save many hundreds of lives every year, and give to thousands more the ability to work without the weariness, exhaustion and peril which now attend them. A pamphlet containing full particulars in regard to the nature and action of this remarkable Treatment will be mailed free. Write for it.

"I HAVE no desire to encroach on your premises," said the man who was shoveling snow off his pavement to his neighbor. And he didn't.

COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION, originators of the nitrous oxide gas; painless extraction of teeth. Office, 19 Cooper Institute, New York.

## HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

HUNDREDS OF BOTTLES PRESCRIBED.

DR. C. R. DAKK, Belleville, Ill., says: "I have prescribed hundreds of bottles of it. It is of great value in all forms of nervous disease which are accompanied by loss of power."

## IS IT REALLY CONSUMPTION?

MANY a case supposed to be radical lung disease is really one of liver complaint and indigestion, but, unless that diseased liver can be restored to healthy action, it will so clog the lungs with corrupting matter as to bring on their speedy decay, and then indeed we have consumption, which is scrofula of the lungs in its worst form. Nothing can be more happily calculated to nip this danger in the bud than is Dr. PIERCE'S "GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY." By druggists.

Children Starving to Death on account of their inability to digest food will find a most marvelous food and remedy in Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites. Very palatable and easily digested.

## CATARRH AND BRONCHITIS CURED.

A CLERGYMAN, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. J. FLYNN & Co., 117 East 15th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

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## CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the world-renowned appetizer and invigorator. Used now over the whole civilized world. Try it, but beware of imitations. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SEIGENT & SONS.

## ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

DR. COLTON'S NITROUS OXIDE GAS.—Over 149,000 testimonials on our scroll as to the efficacy of the gas in the painless extraction of teeth. Dr. L. M. SLOCUM is the operator, and has been such for the past 21 years. Office, 19 Cooper Institute, New York.

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LIVER  
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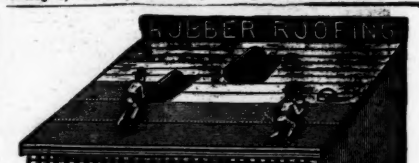
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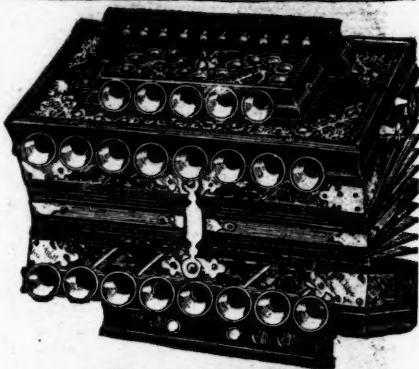
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During an acute attack of Bronchitis, a ceaseless tickling in the throat, and an exhausting, dry, hacking cough, afflict the sufferer. Sleep is banished, and great prostration follows. This disease is also attended with Hoarseness, and sometimes Loss of Voice. It is liable to become chronic, involve the lungs, and terminate fatally. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral affords speedy relief and cure in cases of Bronchitis. It controls the disposition to cough, and induces refreshing sleep.

I have been a practicing physician for twenty-four years, and, for the past twelve, have suffered from annual attacks of Bronchitis. After exhausting all the usual remedies

### Without Relief,

I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It helped me immediately, and effected a speedy cure.—G. Stoveall, M. D., Carrollton, Miss.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is decidedly the best remedy, within my knowledge, for chronic Bronchitis, and all lung diseases.—M. A. Rust, M. D., South Paris, Me.

I was attacked, last winter, with a severe Cold, which, from exposure, grew worse and finally settled on my Lungs. By night sweats I was reduced almost to a skeleton. My Cough was incessant, and I frequently spit blood. My physician told me to give up business, or I would not live a month. After taking various remedies without relief, I was finally

### Cured By Using

two bottles of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I am now in perfect health, and able to resume business, after having been pronounced incurable with Consumption.—S. P. Henderson, Sauborough, Penn.

For years I was in a decline. I had weak lungs, and suffered from Bronchitis and Catarrh. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral restored me to health, and I have been for a long time comparatively vigorous. In case of a sudden cold I always resort to the Pectoral, and find speedy relief.—Edward E. Curtis, Rutland, Vt.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe Bronchitis. The physician attending me became fearful that the disease would terminate in Pneumonia. After trying various medicines, without benefit, he finally prescribed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved me at once. I continued to take this medicine a short time, and was cured.—Ernest Colton, Logansport, Ind.

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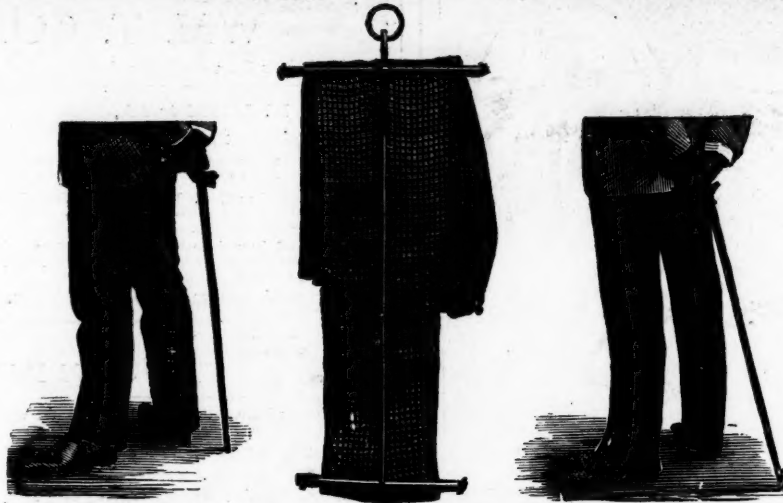
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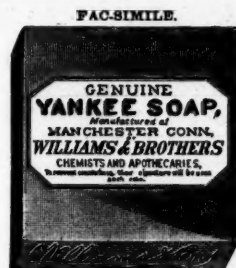
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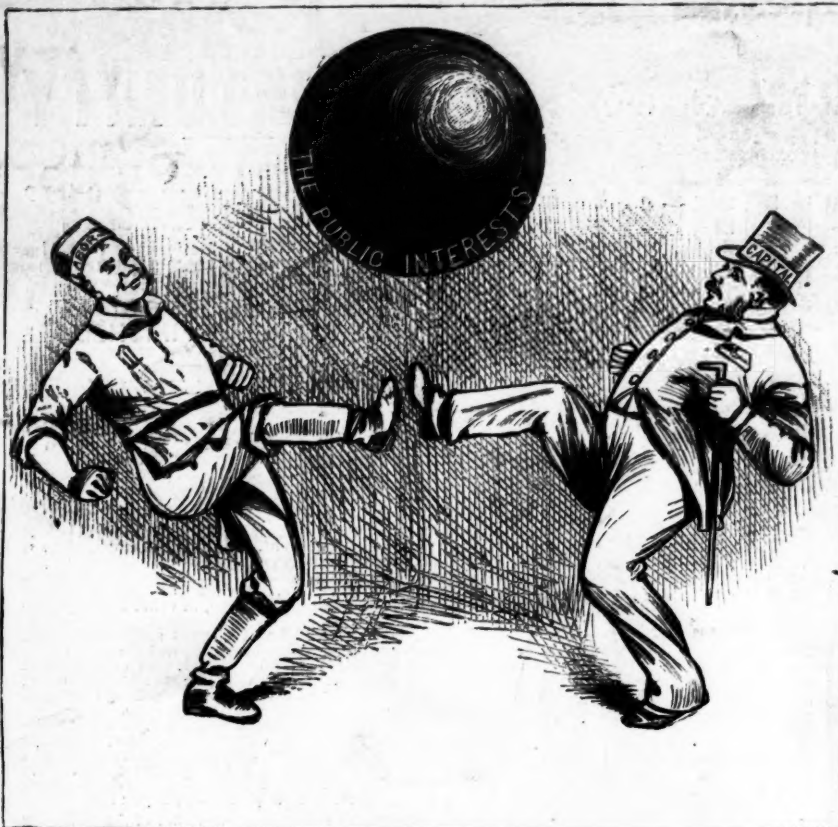
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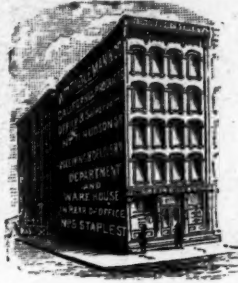
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